



MESSRS. SAUNDERS & OTLEY will shortly publish the following NEW WORKS:

## A NEW PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS,

By SIR LYTTON BULWER, Bart.

II.

In a beautifully-printed quarto volume, dedicated, by express permission, to HER MAJESTY,

## THE ROCK.

WITH A VARIETY OF ILLUSTRATIONS DESCRIPTIVE OF GIBRALTAR. By MAJOR HORT, EIGHTY-FIRST REGIMENT.  
Accompanied by numerous Drawings taken on the spot by LIEUT. LACEY.

III.

## WESTERN INDIA IN 1838.

By MRS. POSTANS, Authoress of 'Cutch.'  
With Drawings, tinted and coloured.

IV.

## SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY ILLUSTRATED

In the DRAMAS of Her Royal Highness the Princess AMELIA of SAXONY.  
Translated from the German, with NOTES and an INTRODUCTION, by MRS. JAMESON.

V.

## RECORDS OF REAL LIFE IN THE PALACE AND THE COTTAGE.

By MISS HARRIOT PIGOTT.

VI.

## THE FRIENDS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

By MISS BURDON, Author of 'The Lost Evidence,' &c.

VII.

## THE MONK AND THE MARRIED MAN.

By MISS WADDINGTON,  
Author of 'Misrepresentation,' 'Janet,' &c.

VIII.

## FAMILY RECORDS.

By LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

IX.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

By MISS H. PRESCOTT.

X.

On the 20th November, the NEW EDITION of

## MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1840,

CORRECTED THROUGHOUT FROM THE PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS OF THE NOBILITY.

Works now ready.

XI.

## RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

By LADY CHATTERTON. 2nd Edition, revised.

XII.

## REAL PEARLS IN A FALSE SETTING.

By the COUNT DE LA PASTURE.

XIII.

## MAX WENTWORTH:

A NOVEL.

XIV.

## VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By MRS. JAMESON.  
New and compressed Edition. 2 vols.

XV.

## SOLOMON SEESAW.

With Illustrations. By the Senior Author of 'Letters from Paraguay.'

XVI.

## MEMOIRS OF A CADET.

By A BENGALIE.

XVII.

## ATHENS—ITS RISE AND FALL;

With VIEWS of the ARTS, LITERATURE, and SOCIAL LIFE of the ATHENIAN PEOPLE.

By SIR LYTTON BULWER, Bart.

XVIII.

## LECTURES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

By FREDERIC VON SCHLEGEL.

Translated by J. H. ROBERTSON, Esq., with Life of the Author.

XIX.

## DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

By A. DE TOCQUEVILLE. New and cheaper Edition.

XX.

## NOTES OF A WANDERER IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

By DR. CUMMING.

XXI.

## THE POETRY OF LIFE.

By MRS. ELLIS.

XXII.

## THE VALE OF GLAMORGAN.

SCENES and TALES among the WELSH.

FOR AUTHORS PUBLISHING.

SECOND EDITION, price 2s. 6d. cloth gilt.

## THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT;

Comprising Explanations of the Process of Printing. Calculation of Manuscripts, choice of Paper, Type, Binding, Illustrations, Publishing, Advertising, &c.; with a Description and Exemplification of the Typographical Marks used in the Correction of the Press.

AGENTS: for IRELAND, J. CUMMING, DUBLIN; for SCOTLAND, BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1838.

## REVIEWS

*History of the Progressive Geography of America, &c.*—[*Examen Critique de l'Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent, &c.*] By Alexander von Humboldt. 5 vols. Paris, 1837—9. London, Dulau.

THE reputation of the Baron Alex. von Humboldt stands deservedly so high,—his works, the fruits of an irrepressible mental as well as bodily activity, have been so various and successful,—he has done so much towards linking together geography and physical science, and towards extending the spirit of accurate investigation over every quarter of the globe,—that it would be impossible not to feel a lively interest in the labours of his pen, and to peruse his writings with curiosity, even although they were not the offspring of the persevering ardour required for the compilation of the volumes now under our consideration. "The historical researches, which I publish at present," says our author, "are extracts from a work, to which, for thirty years, I have devoted every moment of my leisure with extreme predilection." The favourite work of such an author,—of one who, though conversant with every branch of philosophy, is always loath to sacrifice brilliancy of manner to the severe precision of philosophical language, and who fearlessly soars in speculation till even science reflects the aerial hues of romance, might be naturally expected to be equally attractive and erudite; but in this expectation, we fear, the learned world will find itself disappointed.

The 'Critical Examination,' independent of its intrinsic worth, has a psychological value also, from the manner in which it exhibits to us the spontaneous workings of an energetic and highly accomplished mind. M. von Humboldt visited in early life those parts of the Western world most famous in the history of discoveries, and studied on the spot, with a passion inspired by the scene, the narratives of the Conquistadores, or first leaders of colonization in America. The archives and public libraries of Spanish America and of Old Spain were ransacked to gratify his curiosity. He seems to have had it in contemplation to settle every disputed point, and to treat in the amplest manner a theme which lost nothing of its splendour in his eyes. His established eminence in the literary world, opened to him every source of information; and he continued for thirty years, as stated above, to devote every moment of leisure to this labour of love, till at last he began to reflect, as we conjecture, that the life of man is but threescore years and ten,—that the literary accumulations of thirty years' zealous toil require some time to digest them,—that his Personal Narrative is not yet completed, though a portion of it has been four-and-twenty years before the public,—and, therefore, he felt himself constrained to abandon all thoughts of completing the great work, and to satisfy himself with the publication of extracts from it,—extracts which, we presume, will extend to some eight or ten volumes in octavo.

It must be observed, however, that M. von Humboldt does not himself intimate any misgivings respecting the disproportion between the life of man and the vast scale of his labours. He merely tells us, that he has abandoned the work which he was preparing on the progressive Geography of America, because, since his journey into Siberia and to the Caspian Sea, a new train of ideas has occupied his mind, and diminished his predilection for his former studies. He felt too, perhaps, that the publications of Navarrete and De Angelis intrenched on his ground, and

would deprive his researches of much of their novelty. At all events, the reader may easily conjecture, from what has been stated above, the character of the work now published under the title of 'Critical Examination,' &c. It is a most learned abortion; a mass of almost shapeless erudition, which, after a gestation of thirty years, has been ushered into light by a kind of Cæsarean operation, before its features were duly formed. The volumes now published are not subdivided into chapters, nor have they any index or other key to their contents. They are totally deficient in the methodical arrangement and visible plan necessary to give clearness and consistency to the produce of so much critical research. The reader, however zealous or inquisitive he may be, is sure to be fatigued, by repetitions and minute disquisitions succeeding each other without end, and without any obvious subordination to a general line of argument. The notes, too, keep up a perpetual rivalry with the text, which they almost extinguish; so that the reader, running from text to note, and back again, unable to perceive whither either of them tends, is quite bewildered in the maze of erudition. Notwithstanding these capital defects, M. von Humboldt's work has merits which it could have derived from no other author,—learning drawn from a great variety of sources, scrupulous and candid criticism, and an earnestness which goes far to redeem the tiresome nature of endless dissertation. This work will, in short, be highly esteemed by the learned, but can never enjoy the popularity which a more careful elaboration might have ensured it. We shall, for the present, confine our attention to the first section, comprised in the first two of the five volumes now published, and in which are discussed "The causes which prepared and brought about the discovery of the Western World."

It is an important principle inculcated by our author, that at every epoch of the history of mankind, whatever exhibits the progress of intellect, has its origin in a preceding age. Discoveries grow more gradually than is commonly supposed; but the increase of information and instances of applied ingenuity excite no notice, or soon fall into oblivion, unless when they present themselves in rapid and continuous succession.

In every age, (observes our author,) there exists a hidden work, the ideas, persuasions, and hopes resulting from which, add imperceptibly to the power of man, and which discovers itself in activity, as often as circumstances accidental in appearance (coincidences which demonstrate a necessity in the destinies of the world) are favourable to external movement. History preserves, in general, only the traditions of fortunate enterprises, and of splendid examples of success obtained in the career of discovery. That which prepares the movement and the success depends on combinations of ideas and petty events, which owe their force to their simultaneous action. Their importance is never felt till great results have been obtained, such as we owe to Diaz, Columbus, Gama, and Magellan. Discoveries, which strike forcibly the imaginations of men, are looked upon at first as isolated and independent of the impulse of preceding ages. It is not till the first impressions have lost their charm, that a scrutiny is made into the causes which prepare the way for the great conquests of mind.

The more we examine the history of geographical discoveries, the more we are convinced of the difficulty of fixing the time when they were only commencing. In most directions, the claims of reputed first discoverers is overturned by a little critical examination. In one instance, however, we must dissent from our author's desire to extend the bounds of maritime enterprise in the middle ages. One of the rubrics on the map of Fra Mauro, (a fine copy of which valuable monument of the geography of the

fifteenth century is in the library of the British Museum,) informs us, that "about the year 1420 a ship or junk of India ran, in the course of a voyage from the sea of India to one of the islands of Men and Women, beyond Cape Diab, and through the Green Islands, and went for forty days to the west and south-west about 2,000 miles, seeing nothing but sky and ocean; and she returned in seventy days to the same Cape Diab, where the sailors, on landing, found an egg, of the bird called Craco, of the size of a barrel; and this bird is so large, that its extended wings measure sixty paces from point to point, and it is able to lift an elephant." Now, M. von Humboldt is satisfied that this Cape Diab, the most southern point of the African continent in Fra Mauro's map, is the Cape of Good Hope, which must consequently have been doubled by Indian navigators, from east to west, more than sixty years before Diaz passed it in the opposite direction. We, however, are unwilling to adopt conclusions drawn from delineations so incorrect as those of Fra Mauro's map, and are more disposed to look for Cape Diab in the vicinity of Sofala el dheheb, and to identify it with Cape Corrientes. We have abundant proof that Arab and Indian merchants have occasionally passed that Cape, and visited Delagoa Bay, but further south there is no trace of them whatever in the language or manners of the natives, and the currents and nature of the coast oppose their progress. Besides, the tradition of the great sea bird does not belong to the Hottentots, a pastoral race, and cannot, therefore, claim the Cape of Good Hope for its locality. That tradition is still preserved by the black tribes inhabiting the sea side at Delagoa Bay and in Sofala, who call the great bird Jonggo; and even Juan dos Santos, the respectable historian of Monomotapa, vouches for its existence, and tells us how one of these birds descending darkened the sky, made with its wings a noise like thunder, and carried off—not an elephant indeed—but a monkey with its chain.

The writers of antiquity, either relating old traditions, or indulging in poetic fancies, often made allusion to countries beyond the great ocean, and in obedience to the general feeling of human nature, placed the seat of happiness a little beyond the bounds of known existence. To one disposed, in the fifteenth century, to seek a new world across the Atlantic, their authority lent no slight encouragement. But no positive assurance on that subject, derived from Greek or Roman writers, contributed so much to influence the ardour of discovery in later times, as the errors of Ptolemy, the greatest of the ancient geographers. As Ptolemy had exaggerated enormously the longitudinal dimensions of the old world,—making the Mediterranean sea twenty degrees too long, and placing the mouth of the Ganges no less than forty-six degrees eastward of its true position, it necessarily followed that when the progress of astronomy taught men to form a just conception of the earth's shape and size, the distance westward, from the shores of Europe to those of Asia, seemed proportionally diminished. Columbus, in a letter from Jamaica, addressed to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, after commenting on Ptolemy and Marinus Tyrius, and blaming the former for abridging the exaggerated distances of the latter, adds, "I repeat to you, the world is not so large as is commonly imagined. A degree at the equator measures but fifty-six miles and two-thirds. This can be made evident to all." In like manner the learned Florentine, Toscanelli, one of the first mathematicians of his age, who warmly favoured the projects of Columbus, distinctly announced "that the route through the western ocean to the spice countries is very short; it is



shorter than the route of the Portuguese to the coast of Guinea."

But it may be asked, how it came to pass that Columbus, whose life was not that of literary ease, and who had but little learning, found means of becoming acquainted with the opinions or geographical systems of the ancients?

Columbus (says our author,) had broken off his academic studies at Pavia in his fourteenth year. Without altogether admitting, with Antonio Gallo, the great deficiency of his studies, we may allow that the cause of the confused medley of erudition and mystic theology recognizable at a later period in many of his writings, must date from the epoch of his residence in Lisbon. A youth spent in adventures and voyages in the Levant and the north (to the Feroe Islands and to Iceland,) was succeeded by a period of repose favourable to literary application. It is probable that he devoted himself to books and to self-education during his long sojourn in Portugal, from 1470 to 1484, when he was from thirty-four to forty-eight years of age.

To this we find added in a note, "In 1485, Columbus had been for more than a year in Spain, obtaining his livelihood by drawing sea-charts, or by selling books of prints (*livres à estampes*)." Now, we can perceive that this information has been derived from the MS. chronicle of Andrez Bernaldez, commonly known as the Curate of Los Palacios, and the bosom friend of Columbus; but M. von Humboldt has been misled, perhaps by his copyist, in the translation of the expression "*Mercadero de libros de stampa*," which mean a dealer, not in books of prints, but in printed books. The classical authors most frequently quoted by Columbus were all printed between the years 1467 and 1477; and from Italy they soon made their way into Spain, probably through the eminent Italian merchants at that time settled in the chief cities of Spain, and with some of whom, as the Florentine, Berardi, at Seville, with whose house Amerigo Vespucci was afterwards connected, Columbus was on a footing of close intimacy. When the strangely disordered learning and array of ancient authorities which nourished the great discoverer's enthusiasm are taken into account, together with his defective education, it seems not an unimportant particular of his history, that at one period of his life he was a bookseller; and we are not a little surprised, that this curious fact should have escaped the diligent research of Washington Irving, so minute as well as faithful in his account of his hero, and who expressly states that he examined the chronicle of the Curate of Los Palacios.

Among the authors whom Columbus cites with evident predilection, is Pierre d'Ailly, bishop of Cambrai, whose treatise "*De Imagine Mundi*," written or compiled in 1410, appears to have been first printed in 1490. From this treatise Columbus borrowed a long extract, (without citing his author,) in a letter from Hispaniola, in 1498, addressed to their Catholic Majesties. M. von Humboldt diligently searching out all the sources whence Columbus derived his erudition, has found in the above-named treatise the passage which the latter literally translated; and again, looking for the original materials made use of by Pierre d'Ailly, who acknowledges his treatise to be a compilation, he has detected them in the "*Opus Majus*" of Roger Bacon, so that the phalanx of ancient authorities, and the course of argument on which Columbus ultimately relied, and which he adopted as his own, are to be found at full length in a work of the monk of Oxford, written two centuries before the concurrence of events gave life and action to the same combination of ideas in the breast of the discoverer of the New World. Many other passages of the "*Opus Majus*," besides that unconsciously borrowed from it by Columbus, might be adduced to show how completely the specu-

lations of this great man had been anticipated by the equally great but less illustrious Friar Bacon.

To this, the greatest man of the thirteenth century, M. von Humboldt devotes a few pages of his appended notes, and we willingly follow him for a moment, while he quits the history of geographical discoveries to pay a tribute to the merits of the first of experimental philosophers, — of one, the appropriate monument to whom remains yet to be raised by the publication of his entire works, by that ancient seat of learning of which he was so bright an ornament. Our author, in pointing out the shrewdness of Bacon's observation of natural phenomena, quotes a passage of the "*Opus Majus*," for the meaning of which he seems somewhat at a loss, and which, we suspect, has hitherto either been imperfectly understood, or altogether overlooked by the historians of natural philosophy. The following is a translation of the passage we allude to, as we find it in our author's notes:—

If in summer, when a man first awakes from sleep, and has not yet quite opened his eyes, he looks suddenly at a hole which gives admission to a sunbeam, he will see colours. And if, sitting out of the sun, he extends his hood beyond his eyes, he will see colours; and in the same manner if he closes an eye, the same thing takes place in the shadow of his brows; and between his eyelashes and brows, and through the interstices of linen (*foramina pannorum*), he will see coloured rings.

In this quotation, it must be observed, that M. von Humboldt joins together passages taken from different chapters, in a manner not calculated to show to advantage the analytical spirit of the old philosopher, who, after enumerating various modes of observing coloured spectra, goes on to say in another chapter, (c. 3, part vi.) that the figures also of these spectra are matter of experiment; for in crystals they are rectilinear, whereas through the eyelashes, brows, and the interstices of cloth, may be seen entire rings. To the expression *foramina pannorum*, which we render interstices of cloth, M. von Humboldt subjoins a note of doubt, as if he thought it unintelligible. But it is manifest that Bacon here points out very plainly and unambiguously the phenomena of diffraction and of coloured fringes, four hundred years before Grimaldi, to whom Whewell, Brewster, and other writers, assign the discovery of that class of optical appearances. Friar Bacon, by training his senses to habits of minute observation, saw through the interstices of linen the coloured rings, which Fresnel has studied and measured in our own times with a refined apparatus, forming a fine net-work for the purpose, either by drawing lines with a diamond on glass, or by pricking minute holes in gold leaf laid on a transparent body. The coloured rings may be seen at any time through fine crape held near the eye. In order to explain the other observations of Roger Bacon cited above, we shall suggest an easy experiment. Let any one closing one eye, take a pencil in his hand, and hold it at arm's length towards the light till he sees it in a line with his nose (the margin of which will have, owing to its too great proximity to the eye, the dusky fringe, called by Bacon, an umbra or shadow); he will then perceive that the pencil will have coloured edges, the inside edge being blue, the outside red. It is easy to perceive the analogy between this experiment, and that made by Friar Bacon with his hood. These phenomena of coloured fringes, due to what is now called the interference of light, are very apt to be taken notice of by one who, on awaking in the morning, looks at the sashes of the windows; but in general, the bed-clothes interposed nearly in the line of vision between the eye and the fringed object will be found a more essential condition of the experiment, than Bacon's supposition "that the

eyes are not quite open." As these delicate phenomena are more easily observed in a vivid light, it is not very surprising that the original discoverer of them should confine them altogether to summer. We cannot leave this subject without remarking, that there are some phenomena of coloured fringes, hardly explicable on the principle of interference, and which would lead us to doubt the supposed achromatism of the eye.

But to return to the history of geographical discoveries and to Columbus, there is reason to believe that, in 1477, he visited the native country of Roger Bacon. In that year, according to the narrative of his son Don Fernando, he made a voyage to Tyle, as he writes it, or Iceland, then much frequented by the merchants of Bristol, as it was at a far earlier period (1224) by those of Yarmouth (see *Athenæum*, No. 515); and probably he went thither in one of the Bristol ships, which, after a short suspension of commercial intercourse between England and the Danish colony, returned to that island in the above-mentioned year. The date of Columbus's voyage to Iceland has been much disputed, but the researches of the learned Finn Magnusen have decided that question, and confirmed the accuracy of the statement transmitted by Don Fernando (see *Athenæum*, No. 512). Columbus says, that in February, 1477, he went 100 leagues beyond Tyle, and found the sea clear of ice. Improbable as this fact may appear, it is in accordance with the Icelandic chronicles, which state that in the winter of that year the fields were free from snow. Now, the question arises, whether Columbus, spending part of the winter in Iceland, where it has always been the custom to beguile the long evenings of that season by reading the Eddas and old histories, did not learn something of the early discoveries of the Northmen in the west. M. von Humboldt is not willing to admit that the discoverer of the New World was under any obligations to the bold seamen of the north; but to us it appears that the general silence of the learned in Europe respecting the early voyages of the Northmen to America, is no proof that those voyages were not popularly known in Iceland; nor can we believe that the inquiring spirit of Columbus should not have sought information on a subject which he had so much at heart from a people of maritime habits. But, observes our author, the voyage to Vinland, as related by the Scandinavians, has nothing in it apparently connected with the scheme of Columbus, which was to sail to India and the spice countries through the western ocean. But surely the belief repeated so often in the Eddas, that Markland and Vinland (the coast of New England) extended southwards and then eastwards till it joined Africa, was a plain indication of a country stretching along the western side of that ocean, across which Columbus proposed to sail.

The pretended voyage of the *Zeni* to Greenland and America, in the 14th century, not having been published till nearly half a century after the death of Columbus, is not obnoxious to our author's awakened scepticism; and he appears to admit the genuineness of a narrative, the title of which to confidence, has, we think, been completely overturned by Zahrtmann, in the Northern Journal of Antiquities, published at Copenhagen. If the learned Dane's arguments did not appear to us sufficient, we might easily increase their number, and show that the narrative of the voyages of the *Zeni* is in part copied from a little volume on Cosmography, published two years earlier (in 1556).

The appearance of Ramusio's collection of voyages in 1550, seems to have had a great effect on public taste. Selected portions of that work, as the voyages of Leo Africanus and Alvarez, were issued in small volumes with great

success, by fabricating as amusing tales. The latter class there also is by our author. Columbus demn as the voyager. Geraldine author's mate from bishop of letter or volume fabricated said to be one of the 'selle' to the verac remarkable bears Ge to Ferdin called E only a my by an acc years at It is c fessed ob old. He the spice he wishe phetic wa of the w quering ough to engaged l led to th biograph much dis ginal mot speculation thiasm disinclina obligation mariners measure, the pract Columbus the thoug passion w declares t Paradise almost he heaven th He appea and the c the partit regard on prise, will pathy felt strength o bosom for Gold was scrupled l of Veragu "It does to take fro possesses h manage th scandal an majesty's shall rema Here, f marks on appearance completion • Itinerar stutas, &c.



success, and these were immediately followed by fabricated narratives of similar size. So long as amusing adventures found readers, the publishers cared little whether they were true or false. The voyages of the *Zeni* belong to the latter class; a slight foundation of truth being there piled up into a monstrous fiction. There is also another volume, quoted with confidence by our author, as well as by other historians of Columbus, but which we cannot hesitate to condemn as, for the most part, spurious; we mean the voyage to the Equinoctial Regions, of Alex. Geraldini,\* and published by the pretended author's grand-nephew. Geraldini was an intimate friend of Columbus, and was appointed bishop of St. Domingo, and probably wrote a letter or two, which served as a basis for the volume which afterwards bore his name. The fabricated inscriptions therein contained, and said to be found on the coast of Africa, have led one of the authors of the 'Biographie Universelle' to throw out some insinuations affecting the veracity of the pious bishop. But it is remarkable, that throughout the volume which bears Geraldini's name, in the frequent allusions to Ferdinand and Isabella, the latter is always called Elizabeth (Elisabetta), and this is obviously a mistake which could never have been made by an accomplished Italian prelate, who lived some years at the court of the Spanish sovereigns.

It is curious to observe how the views or professed objects of Columbus changed as he grew old. He began with Ptolemy for his guide, and the spice countries of India for the object which he wished to attain. He terminated with prophetic warnings respecting the approaching end of the world, and with wild schemes of conquering Jerusalem. This change in his mind ought to be carefully kept in view by those engaged in investigating the circumstances which led to the discovery of the New World. The biographers of Columbus have hitherto been too much disposed to confound and mix up the original motives of his enterprise, with the mystical speculations in which he indulged after his enthusiasm was exalted by success. The general disinclination to admit that he was under weighty obligations to the Northmen, or other active mariners of his day, is attributable, in some measure, to the neglect to distinguish between the practical, inquiring spirit of the youthful Columbus, and the fanatical reveries which filled the thoughts of the aged admiral. His great passion was to amass gold, which he expressly declares to have the virtue of sending souls to Paradise; an opinion not only new, but even almost heretical, and which seems to extend to heaven the corrupting influence of Mammon. He appears to have been an austere visionary; and the candid critic, who is on his guard against the partiality with which mankind are used to regard one so distinguished by successful enterprise, will not feel surprised at the violent antipathy felt towards him by his followers. The strength of his enthusiasm left little room in his bosom for the development of kindly feelings. Gold was his immediate object, and he little scrupled how he got it. Speaking of the coast of Veragua, in one of his letters, he says:—

"It does not appear to me that it would be decent to take from the chief of this country all the gold he possesses by open robbery; but I shall take care to manage the affair in such a manner, that, avoiding scandal and disrepute, I shall transfer all to your majesty's treasury, so that not a single grain of gold shall remain with this prince of Veragua."

Here, for the present, we shall close our remarks on this erudite work, and hope that the appearance of the volumes still required for its completion will ere long recall our attention to it.

\* Itinerarium ad regiones sub equinoctiali regione constitutas, &c. Romæ, 1621.

## THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

AMONG the first-fruit offerings of the season is *The Gift*, from the other side of the Atlantic. On this occasion all the plates, with one exception, are by American artists. Sully contributes four; among which are a beautiful thing called 'Childhood,' which serves as frontispiece, and a vignette still more to our taste, full of thought and feeling, without exaggeration—both are delicately engraved by Cheney. Leslie also has a fine poetic head of 'Don Quixote,'—a history in miniature, which tells its story almost as clearly as the wondrous volume itself—it is engraved with admirable truth and spirit by Dunforth. 'Bargaining for a Horse,' by Mount, is clever and characteristic; 'The Ghost Book,' by Cormegys, good; the rest after the fashion of their class, and neither better nor worse. The literature is not inferior to that of last year's volume, the prose still maintaining its superiority over the verse. The best papers are 'The Lazy Crow,' a tale of negro superstition, and 'Deacon Enos,' a vivid picture of American country life. The scene of a story, by Mr. Burton, is laid in England,—at Trotton, a quiet out-of-the-way village in the weald of Sussex. The general description is correct enough, but there are some slight inaccuracies, which prove that he was merely a hurried visitor,—a pilgrim, we suspect, to the birth-place of Otway. These sort of pilgrimages, which—

Compel the earth and ocean to give up  
Their dead alive,—

which tend to refine and purify the mind, and must have a wholesome moral influence, are, we regret to say, so far as England is concerned, almost peculiar to the Americans. We all, it is true, visit Stratford, and Abbotsford, and Hucklebury Church, and other show places, as we visit Windsor, and Warwick, and Blenheim, but with feelings very different from those which lead men to hunt out the obscure village of Trotton; a sweet spot, indeed, when found, and to which more interest is attached than was dreamed of by Mr. Burton, for not only was Otway born there, but there lies buried the gallant Hotspur's wife—his "gentle Kate,"—whose christian name, by the bye, Shakespeare has mistaken. After Henry Percy's death, she married the Lord of Camoys, and in that little village church they lie buried together, their effigies inlaid in brass on a handsome monument. As Mr. Stonor has lately established his descent from the Lord of Camoys, and has been, or is to be called to the Upper House by that title, we hope that he will take this fine old and interesting monument under his protection: when we last saw it, one of the escutcheons was gone, and the other loose and at the mercy of the curiosity-mongers.

Though we have spoken with high commendation of some of the pictures in the American Annual, we never felt fully their superiority until we took up *The Forget-Me-Not*, of which it will be sufficient to say that it contains the customary number of illustrations from paintings by Hall, Keyser, Corbould, Leslie, Colin, Herbert, Miss Adams, Farrier, Jenkins, and Nixon, and literary contributions by James Montgomery, the Old Sailor, Charles Swain, Douglas Jerrold, Mary Howitt, Miss Sheridan, Miss Lawrance, and others less known to fame.

*Friendship's Offering* is the only work of its class which has improved of late years. Though it retains more than is desirable of the characteristics of an Annual, still some of the pictures have been selected with better judgment and higher feeling. The 'Overflowing of the Nile,' by Warren, is a fine dream-like vision of the giant marvels of that antique world, through which the holy river flows,—and 'The Sicilian Mother,' by Salter, though there be a touch of affectation about it, is worthy to take rank among

works of art. The rest of the illustrations are from pictures by Stone, Corbould, Roberts, ('Melrose Abbey,' by this artist, engraved by Jeavons, is a fine brilliant picture, and deserves a word of praise,) Miss Corboux, Andrews, Lady Burghersh, and Hervé. The literature of the volume is also raised above its class by some very beautiful poetry. J. R., of Christchurch, Oxford, whom we quoted and commended last year, contributes his full share; and though there is a little of the high fantastical about his poetry, it is from the true mint. We shall give a few extracts from 'The Broken Chain.' After some general reflections on the universal presence of death, the poem thus proceeds:—

It is the hour when day's delight  
Fadeth in the dewy sorrow  
Of the star-inwoven night;  
And the red lips of the west  
Are in smiles of lightning dress,  
Speaking of a lovely morn;  
But there's an eye in which, from far,  
The chill beams of the evening star  
Do softly move and mildly quiver;  
Which, ere the purple mountains meet  
The light of morning's misty feet,  
Will be dark—and dark for ever.

It was within a convent old,  
Through her lips the low breath sighing,  
Which the quick pains did enfold  
With a paleness calm, but cold,  
Lay a lovely lady dying.

Faint and low the pulses faded,  
One by one, from brow and limb;  
There she lay—her dark eyes shaded  
By her fingers dim:  
And through their paly brightness burning,  
With a wild inconstant motion,  
As reflected stars of morning  
Through the crystal foam of ocean.  
There she lay—like something holy,  
Moveless—voiceless, breathing slowly,  
Tossing—withering—fainting—failing,  
Lulled, and lost, and unbewailing.

The Abbess knelt beside, to bless  
Her parting hour with tenderness,  
And watched the light of life depart,  
With tearful eye and weary heart;  
And, ever and anon, would dip  
Her finger in the hallowed water,  
And lay it on her parching lip,  
Or cross her death-damp'd brow:  
And softly whisper—Peace—my daughter,  
For thou shalt slumber softly now.  
And upward held, with pointing finger,  
The cross before her darkening eye:  
Its glance was changing, nor did linger  
Upon the ebony and ivory;  
Her lips moved feebly, and the air  
Between them whispered—not with prayer!  
Oh! who shall know what wild and deep  
Imaginations rouse from sleep,  
Within that heart, whose quick decay  
So soon shall sweep them all away.  
Oh! who shall know what things they be  
That tongue would tell—that glance doth see:  
Which rouse the voice, the vision flit,  
Ere eye be dark, and tongue be still.

It is most fearful when the light  
Of thoughts, all beautiful and bright,  
That through the heart's illumination  
Darts burning beams and fiery flashes,  
Fades into weak wan animation,  
And darkens into dust and ashes;  
And hopes, that to the heart have been  
As to the forest is its green,  
(Or as the gentle passing by  
Of its spirits' azure wings  
Is to the broad, wind-wearied sky);  
Do pale themselves like fainting things,  
And wither, one by one, away,  
Leaving a ghastly silence where  
Their voice was wont to move and play  
Amidst the fibres of our feeling,  
Like the low and unseen stealing,  
Of the soft and sultry air;  
That, with its fingers weak, unweaves  
The dark and intertangled hair  
Of many moving forest leaves;  
And, though their life be lost, do float  
Around us still, yet far remote,  
And come at the same call, arranged  
By the same thoughts; but oh, how changed!  
Alas! dead hopes are fearful things  
To dwell around us, for their eyes  
Pierce through our souls like adder stings;  
Vampire-like, their troops arise,  
Each in his own death entranced;  
Frozen and corpse-countenanced;  
Filling memory's maddened eye  
With a shadowed mockery,  
And a wan and fevered vision  
Of her loved and lost Elysian;  
Until we hail, and love, and bless  
The last strange joy, where joy hath fled,  
The last one hope, where hope is dead,

The finger of forgetfulness;  
Which, dark as night, and dull as lead,  
Comes across the spirit, passing  
Like a coldness through night-air,  
With its withering wings effacing  
Thoughts that lived or lingered there;  
Light, and life, and joy, and pain,  
Till the frozen heart rejoices,  
As the echoes of lost voices  
Die, and do not rise again;  
And shadowy memories wake no more  
Along the heart's deserted shore;  
But fall and faint away, and sicken  
Like a nation fever-stricken,  
And see not, from the bosom rift  
The desolation they have left.  
Yet, though that trance be still and deep,  
It will be broken, ere its sleep  
Be dark and unawakened—for ever;  
And from the soul quick thoughts will leap  
Forth like a sad sweet-singing river,  
Whose gentle waves flow softly o'er  
That broken heart—that desert shore:  
The lamp of life leaps up, before  
Its light be lost, to live no more;  
Ere yet its shell of clay be shattered,  
And all the beams it once could pour  
In dust of death be darkly scattered.  
Alas! the stander-by might tell  
That lady's racking thoughts too well;

That lowly bed and lonely room  
Are filled, before her earnest gaze,  
With dazzling dreams of by-gone days.  
They come—they come—a countless host,  
Foras long unseen, and looks long lost,  
And voices loved—*—as self* forgot,  
Awake, and seem, with accents dim,  
Along the convent air to float:  
That innocent air, that knoweth not  
A sound, except the vesper hymn.

'Tis past—that rush of hurried thought—  
The light within her deep, dark eye  
Was quenched by a wan tear, mistily,  
Which trembled, though it lightened not,  
As the cold peace, which all may share,  
Soothed the last sorrow life could bear.  
What grief was that—the broken heart  
Loved to the last, and would not part?  
What grief was that, whose calmness cold  
By death alone could be consoled?  
As the soft hand of coming rest  
Bowed her fair head upon her breast,  
As the last pulse decayed, to keep  
Her heart from heaving in its sleep,  
The silence of her voice was broken,  
As by a gasp of mental pain:  
"May the faith thou hast forgotten,  
Bind thee with its broken chain."  
The Abbess raised her, but in vain;  
For, as the last faint word was spoken,  
The silver cord was burst in twain,  
The golden bowl was broken.

Our extracts from this beautiful poem have run to such length, that we must leave untouched the second canto, and even the 'Scythian Banquet,' by the same author. Here, however, is a verse or two from 'The Song of the Besieged,' by the author of the Provost of Bruges:—

Drink! drink!  
Why should you pause? It is all that remains to us—  
Food there is none for your hollow-checked crew;  
But the bottle the blood of his body yet drains to us—  
Drains to the last, like a comrade true.

Drink! drink!  
There's a virtue in wine that can mock at despairing;  
A valour that laughs at the threat of the foe;  
Lean famine grows merry, despondency daring—  
To the brim—to the brim let the wine cup flow!

Drink! drink!  
Our powder is gone—every grain is expended  
But that hoarded charge of the mine at our feet;  
There, when the old walls can no more be defended,  
A spark to the train, and our glory's complete!

Drink! drink!  
They count us their spoil—they make ready the torture;  
Fools! where are the eyes its infliction shall see?  
Ha! ha! we will take a more easy departure,  
And die as we lived—the unconquered, the free!

Drink! drink!  
That dull, heavy sound—'twas the battered wall crashing;  
The breach will be stormed—they are nearing it now;  
I see the bright steel through the darkness come flashing—  
The hour is accomplished—remember your vow!

'The Poet's Heritage' is another poem of a high order, and there are some beautiful passages in 'The Renegade's Daughter,' by Mr. T. K. Hervey; we must, indeed, steal one short passage from the latter:—

But thine the age, when hope hath wings  
That bear it far above despair;  
And joy hath many hidden springs  
That seek the deeper air,  
And into sunshine leap and play,  
When fountains old are dried away.

Too young to feed on fond regret,  
Or turn those glad bright eyes,  
Though lighted there, for comfort yet  
Unto the far-off skies!  
Some loving glance of this dim earth  
Shall yet awake thy heart;  
Fond accents strike its well of mirth,  
And bid the waters start;  
And human hopes and home be given  
To mingle with thy dreams of heaven!  
And one there is who lingereth near,  
And gazeth on that bright-eyed girl,—  
The wreath, of smiles, upon her lip,  
Upon her brow, of pearl,  
As though he felt such looks and forms  
Had missions for this lower earth,—  
To be the rainbow 'mid its storms,  
The angel by its hearth:  
That orphan tears which love had dried  
Made brighter sunshine for the bride,  
And she, when lost her daughter-life,  
Might be that dearest thing—a wife,  
A name and spell more precious far  
Than the lost gems of Isakhar:  
Oh, sent from heaven!—as came, of yore,  
In mortal garb, those spirit things  
That paused beside some patriarch's door,  
To fold their shining wings;  
Then sat and made his chamber bright,  
'Mid murmurs tuned like lutes above,  
With glimpses of that upper light  
Whose name on earth is love,—  
Till the rapt patriarch's soul confessed  
He had an angel for his guest!

Among the other contributors are Mrs. Erskine Norton, Dr. Taylor, Miss Strickland, Mr. Harrison, Mr. O. Blewitt, Mr. St. John, and Thomas Miller.

*An Inquiry into the Propagation of Contagious Poisons by the Atmosphere, &c.* By S. Scott Alison, M.D. Edinburgh, MacLachlan.

THE mode by which disease is, in several instances, propagated, whether from man to man, or otherwise, is one of those medical questions in which the general public is too deeply interested not to take a part; it is, however, unfortunately, a question so intimately involved in the metaphysics of medicine, as not to be very generally intelligible, even to the profession itself. We shall explain our meaning by an example.

When a patient is inoculated for the small-pox, a particle of matter cognizable to the senses is taken from a pustule, and visibly applied to the wounded skin of a healthy person. A pock in all respects similar to that from which this matter was taken, rises; a train of constitutional symptoms follow, similar to those of the original disease; other matter, taken from the person so affected, will reproduce itself, by the same process, in the body of a third party—and so on, as often as the process is repeated. The inference of cause and effect is, in this case, deduced immediately from facts, open to all observers; so that it is impossible to question its legitimacy. No man can doubt that the inoculation is the cause of the disease. When, on the other hand, the small-pox rages in a town, many subjects fall sick, where no actual contact with the diseased can be proved, or perhaps is even suspected, by which the infecting matter could have been brought to the person of the sufferer. In these cases, the only facts exposed to the senses, are, the occurrence of the disease on new individuals, and a previous degree of approximation of the sufferers known or suspected, to a small-pox patient. The link of communication between these phenomena must be supplied by general reasonings on the subject. In the attempt to supply this link, the analogy of effects suggests the possibility that the infecting matter is soluble in the atmosphere, and that in this state it produces the disease by application to the lungs during respiration, or by mixture with the saliva of the party exposed. To verify the assumption, we may accumulate instances, and explain away all contra-indicating facts; yet we still want the confirmation of the senses; and the result is but a probability, more or less convincing to different minds, and therefore liable to be rejected or received by different reasoners.

But other diseases besides small-pox are occasionally epidemic, under circumstances which excite suspicion of a contagious cause. In some, these circumstances are nearly the same as in small-pox, and yield the same inferences. The itch, on the contrary, is never propagated but by actual contact; and we have no necessity whatever for imagining (and therefore no one has asserted) the existence of an itchy atmospheric contagion. On the other hand, there are fevers which seem to spread from person to person by atmospheric contagion, but which cannot be propagated by inoculation. In this case we have no sensitive assurance of the existence of a contagious matter in the person of the sick, and in adopting such a principle to explain the phenomena, we assume, not only its solution in the atmosphere, but its very being. In fever, therefore, the theory of atmospheric contagion has one degree less of probability than in the case of small-pox.

It will be clear, from this exposition, that there is a wide difference between the thing carried on the point of a lancet, in small-pox inoculation, and the word contagion,—representing our idea of a possible mode of communicating many diseases, where the operation—if operation there be—escapes our senses.

In medical reasonings, however, contagion is often carelessly used, as synonymous for contagious matter; and the slight particular of its hypothetical existence is overlooked. This logical error, involving no less than the whole question at issue, leads to a train of practical consequences, which in various ways touch upon human interests, and engage the passions of mankind, thus adding materially to our difficulty in arriving at satisfactory truths. If there be no such thing as aerial contagion—if certain epidemics are either not contagious at all, or are so only by the medium of a positive touching the sick, or his secretions, then it follows that quarantine laws are absurd, and our apprehensions of danger from attendance on the sick are unfounded or exaggerated. In all discussions of such a question, hope or fear will largely enter, and dispose the disputant to hasty inferences, which, when consecrated by a name, become the subjects of metaphysical reasonings, while they are suffered to pass as matters of fact, and the reasonings, consequently, as inductions from fact.

In the early history of epidemic diseases, they were attributed to the direct volitions of the deity: the arrows of Apollo stood in the place of contagion;—a notion too refined for the uneducated understanding of an infant people. Hippocrates, who was among the earlier impugnors of this doctrine, turned public attention, in his Treatise on Air, Water, and Localities, to certain circumstances in the natural history of particular districts, which, by engendering a noxious agent, and disseminating it in the atmosphere, produced the then prevalent epidemics of Greece. This principle is familiar to the moderns under the name of marsh miasma; and the disease it occasions is now known not to spread from man to man, but to be developed independently, in each individual who has been exposed to the miasma, without possessing the constitutional strength requisite to resist its action. The reality of miasma, a principle which has hitherto escaped all chemical tests, reposes on its influence being circumscribed to certain localities, and on its being carried, in the direction of a prevailing wind, to certain small distances in the neighbourhood. The idea of contagion, as a cause of epidemics distinct from miasma, was probably of a much later date, and may have been derived, by analogy, from that invisible but admitted agent. Since the prevalence of small-pox and measles in Europe, the notion of atmospheric contagion has acquir-

ed great many epidemics, miasma being the cause of frequent friends, present, and their belief the symptoms of infection which means of visible upon the During well known bers or an attack that type has existed found to where in an ill previous and spread afford for contagion supplies curing tions, go give birth generating other che generate of induc The ci things oc not enge the case deteriora connexio Thus, in pitals, wh is typhus fever, and to heal: to a vitia cific cont pable of namely, from whi ventilation typhus m scarcely a among th On the ness spre no safe in can be dr the instar observers from the stances. tainty is e so mixed be incapa or that th having be conceived up and inv for matter The pr draw from sideration rence of e reative ap act of con premises, the discha and secon



ed great strength; and, even in our own time, many epidemics, now proved to depend upon miasma, were deemed contagious; thus becoming the occasions of useless quarantine laws, and of frequent cruel abandonments of the sick by friends, relations, and public functionaries. At present, the current of opinion sets the other way; and there is a tendency in medical men to limit their belief in contagion to the instances in which the symptoms produced are the precise counterparts of those of the disease from which the infection is supposed to have proceeded,—and in which the contact may be artificially imitated by means of inoculation, with some tangible and visible secretion of the sick person, performed upon the healthy.

During the prevalence of typhus fever, as is well known, exposure of the healthy to the chambers or persons of the sick is often followed by an attack of the disease; but it is also known that typhus occurs where no previous sickness has existed, and where other causes have been found to explain the fact. On the other hand, where many healthy people have been confined in an ill-ventilated place, in which no typhus has previously been known to exist, it has broken out, and spread epidemically. These circumstances afford *prima facie* evidence against the imputed contagion; and, in this case, the marsh miasma supplies an analogical explanation, without recurring to contagion. As certain chemical actions, going forward on the surface of the earth, give birth to one poison (miasma) capable of generating one disease (intermitting fever), so other chemical actions, otherwise produced, may generate another poison (typhoid poison) capable of inducing another disease (continued fever).

The circumstances under which this state of things occurs, favours the idea that the poison is not engendered in the person of the sick, as in the case of small-pox, but consists in a peculiar deterioration of the air itself, having only a casual connexion with the presence of typhus patients. Thus, in the crowded wards of ill-ventilated hospitals, where these circumstances arise, not only is typhus apt to appear, but erysipelas, puerperal fever, and a disposition in amputated stumps not to heal: all of which phenomena are referable to a vitiated atmosphere, rather than to a specific contagion;—for contagion is supposed capable of producing only one form of disease,—namely, that under which the party labours, from which it proceeds. Accordingly, where ventilation is freely established, many cases of typhus may be accumulated in one chamber, with scarcely a bare chance of the disease spreading among the attendants.

On the occurrence of any epidemic, the sickness spreads under circumstances so various, that no safe inference, as to personal communication, can be drawn from individual facts. Even in the instances of plague and cholera, different observers have come to opposite conclusions, from the observation of the same series of instances. The inference from such an uncertainty is either that the imputed facts have been so mixed with extraneous circumstances as to be incapable of yielding no certain results; or that they have received a false colour from having been seen through the medium of pre-conceived prejudice,—that is, have been mixed up and involved with matters of opinion mistaken for matters of fact.

The practical consequences which we shall draw from the foregoing statement, for the consideration of our readers, is, first, in the occurrence of epidemic disease, an abatement of excessive apprehension, a slowness to credit the fact of contagious communication upon scanty premises, and a reluctance to be frightened from the discharge of social duties by popular outcry; and secondly, in applying their minds to the

subject, as persons having an influence on law-making, not to pin their faith upon individual statements or individual opinions, but to take large common-sense views of the matter before them. In the present state of medical science, the most that can be expected is an approximation towards truth. That disease in no case is ever propagated through the air, from the sick to the healthy, is a proposition, however probable, too large for the evidence, as it is yet exhibited; but that, if such a thing as a contagious principle be ever disseminated through the atmosphere, the limit of its deleterious agency is much narrower than is usually imagined, seems sufficiently proved. That limit, too, is evidently much influenced by ventilation, which, when free, speedily dilutes and neutralizes any possible agent of infection.

The author of the work which we have taken as a text, labours to prove the absolute non-existence of atmospheric contagion, and divides the supposed cases of such an agency between the possibility of an actual, though unsuspected contact, and the intervention of an atmosphere vitiated by chemical changes, which are not produced within the person of the sick, but, as we have stated, in the constitution of the air itself. In these views he has the advantage of agreeing with some of the best authorities; but we cannot congratulate him on having thrown much additional light on the argument.

*Narrative of a Journey to Guatemala, in Central America, in 1838.* By G. W. Montgomery. New York and London, Wiley & Putnam.

Mr. Montgomery was, it appears, "honoured by the government of the United States with a commission," which required him to proceed to Guatemala; and the work before us contains a narrative of his journey. The nature and object of this commission are nowhere stated; but we advert to the circumstance to show that he travelled under favourable auspices—to show, in fact, how it was that he succeeded in travelling there at all; for at the period of his visit, last year, the whole country was in a state of anarchy, the federal government maintaining itself with difficulty against the mountaineer Carrera, who has since, we believe, taken possession of the capital.

Our author first landed at Balize, which, with its river, is the key to Central America, on the Atlantic side, and almost the only channel of communication with Europe. Balize, as our readers may not know, is the capital of a British colony, held by a somewhat better title than our author imagines. Our readers may be curious to hear some particulars of this strange out-of-the-way place:—

"Towards evening I went on shore; and on my inquiring where lodgings could be procured, was directed to a sort of boarding-house, the only establishment in the place for the accommodation of strangers, and one of the meanest that can well be imagined. It may seem surprising that a populous English town should not be provided with a single hotel or house of reception for travellers, but the one just mentioned—but such is the fact. On my coming to the house, I found two little negro girls sitting in the threshold, and inquired of them whether the master or mistress were at home. 'Missus gone out,' said one of them; 'nobody in de house.' 'When will she come back?' said I. 'Don't know, sir,' was the answer. 'But you will go and look for her,' I rejoined, 'and I will give you something.' 'Can't go,' said the little baggage, in the same provokingly laconic style. I then tried her companion: 'You,' said I, 'I am sure, will go and call your mistress.' But she seemed animated by the same spirit as her fellow-imp. 'Shan't do no such thing,' cried she pertly. \* \*

"The houses of Balize are of wood, painted of some light gay colour, and are built in the style of those in England. They look very well; but their

little rooms, and small sashed windows, without balconies, are by no means adapted to a sultry climate. They are enclosed, too, with fences and palisades, as if the occupants were apprehensive of intruders. In this, and in other respects, I was struck with the prevalence here of native habits and usages, however at variance with the climate and circumstances of the country. There are some good buildings in the place, but, I believe, all of wood: the principal are the Court House, the Government House, and the Episcopal Church. The population, of which a great portion are coloured people, amounts to six or seven thousand. The inhabitants are, for the most part, engaged in the cutting of mahogany, the exportation of which constitutes the chief business of the place. Several mercantile houses of respectability, however, import English goods, with which they supply the internal consumption to a great extent, receiving in exchange cochineal, hides, and indigo. \* \* The harbour affords a good anchorage, and is guarded by a little battery of ten or twelve guns, planted on a level with the sea, on a spot which may truly be called British ground; it having been raised from the water, and formed in a shallow part of the harbour, by the ballast brought in English vessels and discharged there by order of the Governor. There are, on an average, ten or twelve vessels always in port, mostly English. Two or three packets run regularly between the place and London. The situation of Balize could not be more unfavourable: it is in the midst of a swamp, partially converted into firm ground by means of drains and causeways. It is one of the most unhealthy places in the world. Fevers are very prevalent, and make great havoc among strangers. The water, too, in most families, supplied by the rains, is extremely bad, and tinged with a light yellow colour, by passing over the shingle roofs of the houses before being received into the cisterns. \* \* The town is garrisoned by a regiment of blacks. The post of Governor, or Superintendent, of the settlement, is filled by an officer of military rank, combining the duties of the first civil magistrate with those of commander of the troops. The administration of justice is vested in seven magistrates annually elected."

From Balize our author proceeded in an *English steamer* to the bay of St. Thomas, at the point where the river Izabal empties into the gulf of Honduras:—

"A finer or more interesting view," he observes, "than that which presented itself on this occasion, I have seldom seen. The bay of St. Thomas lay before me like an immense basin, exhibiting a smooth and glassy surface, and a clear sandy bottom, illuminated by the rays of the sun, which was then just rising over the mountains, and pouring a flood of light over hill and valley. The shores of the bay, making a wide circular sweep, extended to a circumference of some twenty miles. The land, which was clothed with a luxuriant verdure, rose higher in proportion to its distance from the water, till it terminated in a range of towering mountains, forming a magnificent amphitheatre. There was depth of water there for the largest ship ever built, and room enough for the whole navy of Great Britain to ride at anchor."

This place would seem destined for a great emporium. Nature has done everything for it; but it is wholly neglected:—

"The place," Mr. Montgomery tells us, "is almost a perfect solitude. There was not a single vessel in the harbour but our own, nor a house to be seen on shore, except two or three miserable huts. These huts were the commencement of a settlement projected by the government of Central America, but abandoned almost in the onset, from want either of means, or of energy, on the part of that government in promoting objects of public utility. An establishment there had also been contemplated by a company of English merchants, who made proposals to that effect, with an offer of opening a communication across the mountains to the nearest point of the road leading from Izabal to the capital. But the same fatality that attends all efforts at improvement in this country, rendered this plan abortive, and it was in like manner abandoned."

In one of the huts mentioned above, Mr. Montgomery found a *white man*,—the only one in the place,—a sort of Robinson Crusoe:—



"He had erected a flag-staff close by his dwelling, and wore a cockade as an indication of his authority. He received from the Government a salary of eight hundred dollars for remaining there, but was now, he said, pretty tired of the solitude of the place and of the insignificance of his office, and was about to resign. All his furniture consisted of a truckle-bed, a few stools for chairs, and a rude table of rough boards. There was a hammock suspended from the beams of the roof, a rusty fowling-piece in one corner, and a fishing-net in another. He had some pigs and plenty of poultry, who had the range of the house, and seemed quite at home in it. He also had a kitchen garden, which I looked into, and found well stocked with plantains, pumpkins, and other vegetables. In one of the largest huts, or rather in a large shed supported by upright shafts, there was a quantity of boards and shingles, which had been procured by the Government and sent thither for the erection of houses. But there was now no probability that this lumber would be used."

The party now ascended the Izabal, and in due time make their way to the great fresh-water lake *Golfo Dulce*, at the head of which stands the town of Izabal, whence our author proposed to cross the country to the city of Guatemala, if he could. The banks of the river were rich in scenery, but almost wholly uninhabited: the region, "a perfect solitude" as usual.

The scene, as regards life, hardly improves even at Izabal:—

"No vessels were to be seen on the lake, with the solitary exception of the steamboat; no signs of cultivation, not a hamlet nor a house were visible on the land, save the little town beneath me. \* \* \* At present, the only town, besides Izabal, along the whole circumference of the lake, is Verapaz; the only shipping is one steamboat and half a dozen sloops; and the only trade carried on is the importation of part of the foreign goods consumed in the interior, and the exportation of the productions of the country, which are exchanged for them."

The only road to the capital is a mere mule-path; and it is on mule-back that all the merchandise is carried. Mr. Montgomery secured two companions for the journey—one an Englishman, the other a Spaniard. The journey over the mountains proves rough and wild, but not without attractions. The night was spent at a *rancheria*—a settlement where the traveller may get food for his cattle and shelter for himself; and in the whole country, it should be remarked, including the cities, there are no inns. The next night was passed at a *hacienda*:—

"The owner of this property was absent; but the steward, who was on the spot, admitted us at once, and throwing open the house for our use, left us to take care of ourselves. The house was large and commodious, and built of cedar. It was partially furnished; so that we had not only chairs and tables, but beds and hammocks. Even plates and glasses, and other table furniture, were supplied by the steward, when he became satisfied in regard to the character of his guests. The mules were led into a spacious stable, and abundantly supplied with green corn-stalks. A couple of fowls fell victims to the necessities of my companions and myself; a mess of black beans and tortillas was prepared for the coarser appetites of the arrieros. After dinner I took a view of the premises. They consisted of several out-houses, serving for stables, granaries, and lodgings for servants, all situated close to the dwelling-house, and protected, on the side facing the road, by a rude wall of stone, without cement, and a wide gate. There was also an enclosed space, called a *potrero*, for the confining of cattle. The grounds were partly woodland, and partly cultivated with corn and beans; but the greater portion served for pasturage."

At Gualan, on a river of the same name, in a fine rich valley, the party arrived just in time to be present at a christening, and were entertained in high style. The next day they reached St. Pablo:—

"The inhabitants were chiefly Indians, living in little huts, and almost in a state of nature; the men, and even many of the women, being, from the waist

upwards, totally uncovered. We stopped at the house of the alcalde, a creole, who inhabited a hut, very little better than the others, with his family and his aged father. This old man (the father) I was assured had reached the venerable age of a hundred and two years. He was a native of Spain, and had served his sovereign as a soldier for the space of fifty years. His senses were only partially impaired; for though his sight was dim, his hearing was good, and in conversation he was perfectly coherent. He had never obtained any pension from the Spanish government; 'and now,' said the old man, 'as I am not able to work, my son has taken upon himself to support me.'"

At Chiquimula the party are accommodated by the alcalde with quarters in the *cabildo*, or town hall. At Esquipulas, a curate, a friend of Don José's, one of the party, entertains them:

"The furniture of the house was more remarkable for its classic simplicity, than for its elegance or convenience. In the principal room, the only articles composing it were a wooden bench, with a back and rests for the arms at each end, placed against the wall, and before it a massive mahogany table. This part of the household arrangement had very much the appearance of a tribunal; and when the curate sat there—which he invariably did when any one came to talk to him on business—he looked like a magistrate dispensing justice. Along the walls were distributed about a dozen chairs of no mean dimensions, and of most antiquated fashion; the seats and backs being lined with sole leather, and studded with nails, the heads of which were of polished brass, and as large as half dollars."

About a mile out of this town, in the middle of a plain, is a magnificent church:—

"It is a noble pile, and contrasts singularly with the insignificance of the town in the vicinity of which it is situated. It has a lofty and spacious dome, and at each angle a tower of considerable elevation. The architecture is sufficiently regular and chaste. As a work of art, this edifice is calculated to produce a greater impression on the beholder, from its situation in a spot where, for some hundred miles round, there is nothing of the kind bearing even a remote comparison with it. To a traveller coming in view of it on a sudden, it might look like the work of enchantment. It had to me the appearance of an Escurial in miniature. Entering the church through a lofty portal, rich with ornaments of sculpture, we took a view of the interior, which is divided into three aisles, the central one formed by two rows of heavy pillars, with their corresponding arches. On each side are various chapels, images and pictures, &c. \* \* \* This temple was built in 1751 by Don Pedro Figueroa, archbishop of Guatemala, who appropriated almost the whole of his means to this object. Its revenue is from four to five thousand dollars, and is derived from legacies, donations by the pilgrims, and other sources. Divine service is performed there occasionally, and once a year a grand festival is celebrated."

This is all the town is noted for, excepting a fair:—

"The principal street consists of two rows of little shops, or booths, which are hired out during the fair to the merchants, or dealers, that repair thither with their goods. The concourse of people at that time is so great, that the town is inadequate to their accommodation, and they are obliged to encamp in the open fields. The number, I was assured, is seldom less than twenty thousand. With all these advantages, the town of Esquipulas, singular as it may seem, instead of exhibiting any signs of prosperity, has all the appearance of a poor and insignificant village."

A few days after this, the party make a halt at the *hacienda* of Don Joaquin San Martin, late governor of the state of Guatemala:—

"Don Joaquin happened to be on the estate, and to our application for permission to rest under his roof for an hour or two, he replied in the most civil manner, that 'his house was at our disposal.' Nor was this an empty compliment, for he, at the same time, ordered dinner to be prepared for Mr. M. and me, and that care should be taken of the arrieros and the mules. This repeat, which was served up on a long table, with a bench on each side, we took in a spacious hall, where, besides some furniture of a rude

and primitive fashion, there were instruments of agriculture of various kinds, and saddles, bridles, swords, fowling-pieces, and hammocks. The house was a large substantial building, with the usual court in the centre, surrounded by a corridor. In the rear of the house was a large yard, or enclosure, in which two or three hundred horses were undergoing the operation of being marked. The greater part were colts, as wild as if in a state of nature, and as nimble as deer. They were galloping and racing around the yard at a furious rate, and several men were employed in catching them, one after the other, which they effected by means of the *lazo*, or noose, throwing it over the neck or legs of the animal, and then pulling him to the ground, when the heated iron was applied to his quivering haunch. \* \* \*

"The estates in this part of the country are chiefly devoted to the raising of cattle and breeding of horses, for which every facility is afforded by the vast extent of the pasture lands. In fact, we could see whole herds grazing in the plains around. \* \* \* So cheap are horses there, that for twelve or fifteen dollars I might have selected one out of a hundred. The price of oxen is in the same proportion. That of horses seems to depend upon their training, for as soon as they have learned to pace and amble, they are estimated at five or six times the original value."

Some days are spent pleasantly at St. Salvador, then the capital,—a place of 15,000 inhabitants, fifty miles from the Pacific. Here Mr. Montgomery enjoyed the hospitality of the French consul, an old officer of Napoleon's, and a member of the Legion of Honour. He also made acquaintance with the Secretary of State, Alvarez, who provided an escort of fifty men for him. The officer who accompanied him is thus described:—

"He was a tall, athletic young man, and a half-Indian, and was mounted on a powerful mule. He was dressed in white cotton; the collar and cuffs of his jacket faced with red; his legs protected by *rodilleras*, and his heels armed with a ponderous pair of spurs. He wore a broad-brimmed glazed hat, with a band of gold lace round the crown; a yellow sash was wound tightly round his waist, but his dagger, instead of being stuck in his sash, was fastened to his right knee, on the outer side, by the tape of the *rodilleras*. A gold epaulette graced his right shoulder, and a huge long-sword, with an iron guard like a punch-bowl, hung by his side. Such was the equipment of this American janissary, who was to be my protector."

A visit to the Chamber of Deputies, a ball or two, and the first sight of the Pacific, we pass over, and come to Sonsonate:—

"This is the largest town in the State of St. Salvador, next to the capital of said State. It is situated about eight miles from the sea, and is the principal part of Central America on the Pacific, being the nearest harbour for ships from Panama and Peru trading with Guatemala. The productions of the neighbouring country, destined for Europe, owing to the difficulty and expense attending their conveyance over-land to the Atlantic coast, are often shipped at this port, notwithstanding the long and circuitous voyage to be performed; and, for the same reason, it is the port through which are imported many of the foreign manufactures intended for the south-western coast of Central America."

The party, soon after leaving Sonsonate, arrive at an Indian village, where the author is struck, as he had been before, by the fact, that—

"The arts and usages of civilized life seemed to be utterly unknown. The greater part of the individuals of both sexes were totally uncovered from the waist upwards; the children were unencumbered by any clothes whatever. They inhabited little huts without windows, lived upon plantains and tortillas, and slept in hammocks."

At Aguachapa, the author finds himself in the midst of a volcanic region, and being detained by bad weather, he visits the Boiling Lakes, of which there are several.

"The largest is about a hundred yards in circumference. In this, as in all the others, the water, which was extremely turbid, and of a light brown

colour, three dense distance of this tremor surface that he could knife in after a

Bet vellers who sl next of which days f

of abo magni tains. garden and co

suites buildi like th are th follow

They ment. quent. ments know

ebb. T and bu instru

At t statisti about t Indian 700,00

The gro through except variati the ye

"dry s where are so canic o

by nat vegeta besides mines

tion ha stores, cluding we are

"Its that of red and silky cr green. and tha

is the p four loc with go three f gines of

It is nest, th turning The O fifty of tree, e

Mr. again route v and see by with escort—

—deser with a leave.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Revival of Monastic Institutions*, by the Rev. F. D. Wackerbarth.—A judicious examination of monachism, its origin, nature, and influence upon society, would be a valuable work; but it is one which can scarcely be expected in an age where everything, however remotely connected with religious institutions, has become the subject of controversy, and when the great aim of theologians seems to be to determine how small a portion of Christian charity is necessary in discussions between Christian sects. The author of the pamphlet before us has indeed succeeded in reducing the quantity to zero. Assuming that the section of the church of England, which adheres to the principles of the Oxford tracts alone, represents the true Catholic and Apostolic church, he pours the vials of his wrath on all other denominations, sects, and parties, and invoking the spirits of Thomas of Canterbury, and Gregory VII., and taking for his motto the legal aphorism "Nullum tempus occurrit ecclesie," he demands that all the monastic lands, inappropriate tithes, &c., forfeited in the time of Henry VIII., be restored to the church, that the ecclesiastical body be rendered independent of the state, and that the Erastian principle of lay interference in church government be for ever abandoned. Why his favourite saints, Becket and Hildebrand, would have paused before making such sweeping demands. The Tridentine secretaries, as he calls the members of the church of Rome, never made such extravagant claims in the wildest days of hierarchy.—The spirit in which the book is written will probably prevent its obtaining the attention which the immediate subject of it may justly claim. The author complains, with some show of justice, that the Anglican church is defective in machinery, that the parochial system—however efficient in the reign of Elizabeth, is inadequate to the religious instruction of the crowded and dense population that has grown up in the manufacturing towns;—and that some intermediate instruction is necessary between the clergymen, fresh from the refinements of the university, and the coarse intelligence of artisans and rustics. To the want of such an intermediate he ascribes the growth of methodism; these itinerant preachers brought their doctrines more level to the minds of their auditory than a senior wrangler or first-class man had either the power or the will to do; they thus acquired the same influence over Anglican Protestants which the Preaching Friars possessed over the Romanists,—we beg pardon, "the Tridentine secretaries." Mr. Wackerbarth is not satisfied with the similar efforts made by that section of our church commonly called Evangelical; home-missions and itinerant missionaries, in his view, labour under the capital defect that they are self-constituted, and consequently that, to a certain extent, they recognize the congregational and voluntary principles. He deems that no system of religious instruction should be recognized which does not emanate directly from the constituted ecclesiastical authorities; and furthermore, he distinctly charges the whole evangelical party with being "false brethren" and dissenters under a thin disguise. As a remedy for all these evils he proposes that monastic institutions should be revived, and points out, with considerable ability, their probable effect in checking schism, their influence as a means of evangelizing large towns, and supplying machinery for the direction of National Education. To these he adds their advantages as depositories of ecclesiastical learning, and their effect in forming local fortresses by which the clergy might be enabled to resist the encroachments of the Civil Power. Such a proposal at the present day is sufficiently remarkable, and not less so the recognition of Thomas à Becket and Hildebrand as saints, by one who represents a large and influential section of the Anglican church. Into the various controversial topics discussed by the author we have no wish to enter; but the general question of making efficient provision for the religious instruction of the great mass of the population, is one of great and increasing importance, and we have therefore deemed it our duty to bring the first systematic project before the consideration of the public.

*The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy*, by his brother John Davy, M.D.—Vols. I. and II. These are the two first volumes of a new and complete edition of the works of Sir Humphry Davy. The first contains the Life of his brother, (*Athen.* No. 432);

and the second, the Miscellaneous papers and lectures published or delivered between 1799 and 1805.

*The Romance of Private Life*, by Miss Burney.—The announcements in the newspapers have, for some weeks past, prepared us for a new novel from the pen of Miss Burney ("Miss Burney's new novel" being their conspicuous heading)—from which we are bound to conclude that time has once more made a retrograde movement, as his shadow did of old on the dial of Ahaz, that the long episode of Madame D'Arblay has been a fiction altogether, and that we are, somehow or other, back in the days of Dr. Johnson. Our readers are to understand, however, that the marvel of Miss Burney's re-juvenescence rests upon the particular testimony of the advertisements in question, and could not have been deduced from the internal evidence of the volumes before us. The Miss Burney of to-day is, it is true, as much disposed to gossip as was the Miss Burney who did so under the protection and encouragement of the lexicographer—quite as talkative, but by no means so well worth listening to. The heroine of 'The Renunciation,' the principal of the two stories into which these volumes are divided, is one of that numerous class, who through all the pages devoted to their evolutions, are for ever falling from heights,—but, all the time, giving the reader no uneasiness, because it is early seen that they partake of the qualities of another domestic animal much given to casualties, but which can fall no otherwise than on its feet. No possible depression of circumstances excites our sympathies painfully in their behalf; because, when things are at the very worst, it is felt that they have only to go into the next street, with the perfect certainty of meeting some one in very flourishing circumstances, who adopts them in the first instance, and turns out to be an uncle at the end. A relative of this description, the author of these fictions would feel no more hesitation in seeking eastward in Timbuctoo, or westward amongst the Naragansett Indians, than in the Paris diligence, or the steam-boat to Margate. Of this species of good-fortune the lady before us is a very striking example. She changes her name so frequently in the course of her history, as would form a case of strong suspicion at the bar of the Old Bailey, and yet gains credit by every change. She begins the world in a state of extreme friendlessness; but accumulates friends at every step, till she finds herself surrounded, at the conclusion of the tale, by a very large family-connection, in a fair way of increase, and a most extensive visiting list. She is first introduced to us as a stolen child—not stolen to be made a chimney-sweep of, like the young Howard, of whom Charles Lamb gossips so delightfully—nor for any other very intelligible purpose—but doomed to undergo as many adventures, and almost as difficult to follow in her windings and doublings through life as the 'Stolen Child' of poor Gaithe. No extraordinary are the mutations of this heroine (we do not venture to give her a name, where her aliases are so numerous), that the person who stole her to bring her up as his daughter turns out, after that part of her history is over, and she refuses to be his daughter any longer, to have actually been her father, from whom she had been stolen at a period more remote. This one piece of ingenious incident may, we think, characterize the book! The volumes contain no harm;—what they do contain, the readers of the Minerva Press may imagine—and will, probably, ascertain for themselves.

*Sketches in Ireland*, by the Author of 'A Tour in Connaught.'—Twelve years have elapsed since the first edition of these sketches was published, and Catholic Emancipation, which it was one object of the publication to defeat, has since become the law of the land. The natural results of such a law, however, confused by one party clinging too closely to past monopoly, and the other grasping too eagerly at future power, are in course of being adjusted by time and circumstances, which claim their accustomed mastery over human events, in spite of passion and prejudice; and internal improvements have opened those parts of Ireland to the most timid tourist, which but a few years ago were only accessible to a daring adventurer. These changes, however, have produced no sensible effect on the compiler of the work before us; "he has grown older but never the wiser,"—his favourite panacea for the evils of Ireland is, to convert the Irish Catholics to Protestantism by some unexplained

colour, was boiling furiously, and rising in bubbles three or four feet high. The steam ascended in a dense white cloud, and spread for a considerable distance round, as I stood for some time on the bank of this natural cauldron, gazing with awe upon its tremendous vortex. The heat was so great on the surface of the ground, near the borders of the lakes, that had our feet not been protected by thick shoes, it could not have been endured. On thrusting a knife into the ground, the blade, when drawn out, after a few seconds, was so hot as to burn the fingers."

Between this point and Guatemala, the travellers fall in with a party of Carrera's brigands, who sheer off, however, without a conflict. The next day brings them to the wide fertile plains which surround that showy city—(twenty-eight days from Izabal). This place has a population of about 25,000. It stands in the midst of a magnificent verdant plain, surrounded by mountains. The environs are full of groves and gardens. The houses, though low, are very airy, and cover a great space. Fountains and piazzas, suited to the climate, abound. The only fine buildings are the churches. The inhabitants, like those of the other large towns—and these are the only civilized parts of Guatemala—follow pretty nearly the customs of old Spain. They are social and hospitable. Parties are frequent. Dancing and riding are favourite amusements: carriages, of any kind, are almost unknown. Education and the arts are at a low ebb. There is a University, but with few students, and besides this only one establishment for the instruction of youth.

At Guatemala the author gives us a few more statistics. The population of Central America is about two millions, a fourth of whom are whites, Indians 685,000, a few blacks, and more than 700,000 *Indians*, a mixture of the other three. The greater part of the country is unoccupied, though the soil is extremely rich; the climate, excepting a small tract of coast, delightful. The variation of Fahrenheit in the interior, during the year, is not above 15°. There is a regular "dry season" of six months, but the soil everywhere abounds with fine springs, though these are sometimes warm ones, owing to the volcanic character of many regions. Thus favoured by nature, Guatemala produces nearly all the vegetables of both Europe and the West Indies, besides some peculiarly its own. It has also mines of gold and silver, though little attention has been paid to these, or to further exploration. For the natural historian there are rich stores. The birds are famous for beauty, including the Quetzal. Of this splendid creature, we are told that—

"Its plumage is of a metallic golden green, except that of the wings, which is spotted with a brilliant red and black. The head is adorned with a soft silky crest of short barred feathers, of a beautiful green. But the distinguishing feature of this bird, and that which constitutes its peculiarity and beauty, is the plumage of its tail, which consists of three or four loose wavy feathers of a rich green, powdered with gold. These feathers are barred, and about three feet long. They used to be worn by the aborigines of America as ornaments for the head."

It is said that the Quetzal has two doors to its nest, that it need not rumple this fine tail in turning round. The Indians hold the bird sacred. The Oreole is distinguished for its pensile nests, fifty of which the author saw hanging from one tree, each by a slight thread.

Mr. Montgomery's return to the coast was again made under government escort. A new route was taken for this journey:—new incidents and scenes, of course, occurred,—torrents crossed by withe-bridges—evening card-parties of the escort—storms and alarms—superb forest scenery—deserted villages; but these are "the same with a difference," and here, therefore, we take leave.



system—to have a sort of duplicate form of missionary.

With whip in one hand, and with Bible in t'other.

The time for taking such a proposal into serious consideration has gone by, and the volume itself is proof of its own nullity:

Its second course

Comes lagging like a distanced horse.

Besides, we have so recently noticed the author's 'Tour in Connaught' that it would be superfluous to enter on any examination of his present work. *Il se répète quelquefois*; there is a family likeness in all his sketches; like Turner's pictures, they are composed solely of the two colours, orange and crimson; and Popery and Democracy supply the only shading. We think, with J. W. Croker, that an actor with only two attitudes is somewhat of a bore, and we find C. O. in Dublin literature not unlike J. W. on the Dublin stage.

Should he describe the deepest woe,  
He slaps his breast and points his toe;  
If highest joy must be expressed,  
He points his toe and slaps his breast.

**List of New Books.**—Pictorial Keepsake, for 1840, 6s. 8vo. silk, 10s. 6d., morocco, 12s. 6d.—Burton's Manual of the Law of Scotland, 12mo. cl. 8s. 6d.—Martin's Conveyancing, Royal 8vo. Vol. III. Part II. 15s.—Complete Grazer, 7th edit. 8vo. cl. 17s.—Fry's Hebrew Grammar, 10th edit. enlarged, 8vo. cl. 8s. 6d.—Reynolds's Modern Literature of France, 2 vols. crown 8vo. cl. 16s.—Gallery of British Artists, bd. 12s.—De Candolle's Vegetable Organography, Vol. I. 8vo. cl. 14s.—Meyen's Vegetable Physiology, by W. Francis, 8vo. swd. 7s. 6d.—Fry's Listener, 2 vols. 12mo. cl. 8th edit. 14s.—Cyclopedia of Anatomy, Vol. II. 8vo. cl. 24s.—Davy's Researches, Physiological and Anatomical, 8vo. cl. 2 vols. 30s.—Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, Vol. XXII. 8vo. bds. 14s.—Friendship's Offering for 1840, 12s. roan.—Affection's Keepsake for 1840, 32mo. silk, 2s. 6d., morocco, 3s. 6d.—Forget-me-Not for 1840, morocco, 12s.—The Gift (American), 18s. morocco.—Max Wentworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Literary World, Vol. I. 8vo. cl. 5s. 6d.—Lizars's Text-Book of Anatomy, Part I. 12mo. cl. 6s.—Bowdler's Book of Common Prayer, 12mo. bds. 6s.—Waylen's Chronicles of Deceits, 8vo. cl. 14s.—Literal Translation of Cicero de Officiis, 12mo. bds. 4s.—Cruttwell's Housekeeper's Account-Book, 4to. swd. 2s.—Gatherings, by the Author of 'The Listener', 12mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Agathos, and other Sunday Stories, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—The Miracles of Our Lord Explained, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book for 1840, 4to. swd. 2s.—De Porquet's Traité de l'École Française, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Ray's Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity, 12mo. cl. 6s.—Tlacz's German Exercises, 3rd edit. 12mo. cl. 3s.—Bell's Elements of Algebra (Chambers's Educational Course), 18mo. cl. 4s. 6d., swd. 4s. 3d.—Maygrier's Anatomist's Manual, fc. cl. 7s.—Borron's Course of Instruction, Royal 18mo. cl. 2s.—What is an Egg worth? 18mo. cl. 2s.—The Christian Keepsake, a Collection of Poems, 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Milton's Poetical Works, Vol. IV. 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—De Porquet's Key to Secrétaire Italienne, 12mo. square, cl. 3s. 6d.

#### LETTERS ON EGYPT.—No. IV.

BY PRINCE PUCKLER-MUSKAU.

HALF an hour before sunrise, as usual, we were again en route, the viceroys with a few attendants riding on before, and the rest of the cavalcade, extending like a tail, two miles long, behind him. As soon as he saw me and his dragoman Artim Bey, whom I take care never to lose sight of, he called out a friendly "Good morning," and his wishes for a pleasant day's journey. I thanked him, and assured him a journey passed in his company could not fail to be pleasant to me. "From what I have heard of your former way of life," said he laughing, "I suppose you find this early rising rather hard upon you. For my part, I have accustomed myself to see the sun rise, and morning hours are always the best." As the conversation which followed, though cheerful and agreeable, had reference only to subjects of local interest, I shall pass it over.

Our road lay, as it had done the day before, through fields of unexampled richness and luxuriance, stretching as far as the eye could reach, and although M. de Cadalvene, among his other exaggerations, has thought proper to assert that "the Viceroy compels the fellahs throughout Egypt to cultivate cotton, almost to the exclusion of everything else, because it is most profitable to him, and that a great deal of land lies waste in consequence of his tyranny, a state of things which grows worse from year to year," &c. &c., I can positively declare that in four long days' journey, through finely cultivated land, I did not see one single field planted with cotton. It is probable that M. de Cadalvene judged only from what he could see from his boat on the Nile, which is often little or nothing, on account of the height of the banks.

We passed a great number of villages, and found everywhere workmen busy at the canals and sluices. The Viceroy was generally received with acclamations, and these expressions of pleasure were certainly not ordered by the police, for in fact a police does not exist. What surprised me most was the entire absence of a slavish deportment in the fellahs, who only expressed their respect and good-will by the simplest salutations; and the same ease and freedom was observable among the attendants. One old servant rode always by the side of, and not behind, Mehemet, and in speaking to him often omitted even to carry his hand to his forehead, a gesture equivalent to our touching the hat. Sometimes the fellahs would come and demand, in a clamorous manner, that they should not be compelled to work at the sluices, as had been ordered by the Viceroy, to forward his great undertakings for the irrigation of the country. These people were reprimanded and driven away with uplifted sticks, but the severity went no further. "You see what our people are," said Mehemet, turning to me; "these works are indispensable to their existence, and yet one must compel them to work at them. I must find understanding for them all, and one head for so many is really too little." He then went rather more into details on this subject, and informed me, that the fellahs were only compelled to work on the *corvée* for objects of immediate and pressing necessity, and that but for three months of the year; that more than one-third of the inhabitants of a village was never employed at a time, and that consequently one month's service was all any one could have to give to the government in the course of a year.

I may perhaps be allowed in this place to say a few words concerning the affectionate and generous relation subsisting between Mehemet Ali and the heir of his throne. Far removed from the petty jealousy, common enough even in civilized Europe, Ibrahim is not only constantly consulted on state affairs, but the reins of government are given over completely into his hands during the absence of the Viceroy. Yet with what discretion does Ibrahim, rough as he is, use the power thus intrusted to him, and with what child-like reverence does he treat his father and his sovereign. It is indeed touching to observe how this wild and victorious warrior, whose rank in the Turkish service, as Pasha of Mecca, is superior to that of his parent, retains the most humble and submissive demeanour towards him, and requires to be invited even to sit down in his presence. Beautiful as the relation between them is, it is however certain that Ibrahim is destined by nature to play a subordinate part. This is evident enough in Syria, where, to the great disadvantage of the country, he has been almost the sole ruler.

When we arrived at the dinner station, I, as well as Artim Bey, and the remainder of the court, usually rested an hour in our tents, and refreshed ourselves with pipes and coffee, whilst the indefatigable Viceroy took a walk. I was generally the only person who shared his repast, and when it was concluded he used to seat himself on the divan and request me to sit near him, whilst Artim Bey and his fly-flapper occupied the other side. As soon as coffee was brought, the other attendants were graciously dismissed, and at such times he often entered most confidentially into the details of his early life.

"I cannot last much longer," said he, one day, as he sat leaning his head on his hand; "I have suffered too much in my time: my whole life has been one unintermitted struggle. Whilst I was still at home in my father's house in Macedonia, we suffered the most atrocious oppression from the people in power in the province. Revolt succeeded revolt, and our village, like others, sought to overcome violence by violence: and who but young Mehemet Ali was there to command the insurgents on all occasions? And a hard time enough he had of it. I suffered so many petty defeats that one of my antagonists one day called out to me during a skirmish, 'I wonder you are not tired of being beaten; I am sure I am tired of beating you.' With perseverance, however, we at last gained a part of our object." Speaking of the long war with the Mamelukes, he said, "they were bold fellows, and my troops were so afraid of them, that, if they had only feared God half as much, they would have been sure enough of Paradise. At first, the Mamelukes never used a weapon against us. They needed

only to beat the drum to make my rascals run. But by degrees they gained a little more courage, and by putting myself always in the front I at last got them to stand. After many years of vicissitude, during which I have been a hundred times on the brink of destruction, our efforts were crowned by complete success."—"And then what work I had with the Porte," he exclaimed, his lively imagination springing over the long interval of time. "Heaven knows I did not dream of what has since happened. I wished only in the first place to get my personal enemy Abdallah Pasha banished from Acre, and would gladly have settled amicably every other difference; but when I found that in Constantinople they had resolved on my destruction, I was forced to endeavour to be beforehand with them. Now, however, I only wish to be allowed, in peace and tranquillity, to lay the foundations of the prosperity of my adopted country."

In the course of our journey I one day rode past a great manufactory, which, dazzlingly white, and shaded by a grove of palms, really looked like a palace. Forgetting a resolution I had made, I observed to his Highness that his country would have a more picturesque appearance to the eye of the traveller if he commanded all the dirty-looking mud huts to be whitewashed. "All in good time! all in good time," replied he, with some appearance of irritation; "I cannot do everything at once. Before I think of whitening the outside of the villages, I must see that a little more comfort is to be found within, than is possible at present. Let me live but ten years longer, and then I hope my children will be able peaceably to continue what I have begun, and have more prosperous subjects to rule over." I answered, that I hoped to discuss these matters with him ten years hence, and to find him surrounded by the Ambassadors of foreign powers, instead of mere Consuls.

"Very well," said he, laughing; "should I live ten years longer, I will send off an ambassador to you, in Europe, to invite you to come and see if I have not fulfilled my promises. Some morning, when you are thinking little of me, a smartly-dressed Turk will ride into your court-yard, with remembrances from old Mehemet Ali, and an invitation to a second journey to Egypt."—"I take your Highness at your word," cried I, "with many thanks: should I live, myself, and be in health, make sure of seeing me. I hope, then, to have to repeat to you *your Majesty*, what I have often said to your Highness."—"No, no," said he, "I want no titles: I have never signed by any other, in my life, than by that of Mehemet Ali."

We dined, one day, at a large village, the name of which I forgot to write down; and, as an elegant little Nile fleet, belonging to the Viceroy, arrived there at the same time, I took the opportunity of His Highness's siesta to go with Artim Bey to visit one of the most superb little vessels I have ever seen, though Cleopatra's renowned bark doubtless surpassed it. The chief cabin was high and spacious, painted in sea green and gold, with the curtains of rich violet silk, with gold fringes, and the divans covered with velvet of the same colour, with gold cords and tassels. The window-frames were of gilt metal, with plate-glass panes, and green blinds shaded them from the sun; the dressing and sleeping cabins displayed similar elegance, and a magnificent tent of Persian stuff, embroidered with gold, served as a dining-room and antechamber. This boat was swiftly propelled through the water by the oars of four and twenty negroes, moving in exact time; and, when going against the stream, it is drawn by fifty fellahs on horseback, at a brisk trot, who are changed every half hour. I afterwards learnt that the Nile is navigated by above 6,000 vessels, of which 2,000 are the property of Mehemet Ali.

At our evening meal the Viceroy related many interesting anecdotes of the time when he first assumed the sovereign power in Egypt. When I expressed my regret that he had not taken measures to preserve them as matters of history, he made this remarkable reply:—"Why should I do this? I look back with no pleasure on that period of my life; and what could it profit the world to be made acquainted with a series of struggles, of privations, of artifices, and of bloodshed? It is enough if posterity shall know that Mehemet Ali has neither birth nor favour to thank for what he has become; my history shall only begin

with the  
from he  
a period  
he, "the  
one left  
this was  
an unus  
at by  
should c  
has noth  
deep im  
of age,  
faded fo  
had no i  
exercis  
ing for  
this day  
and, bef  
hands;  
this man  
and bod  
more ser  
my fath  
to me. I  
Greek pe  
received,  
orders to  
of the Si  
not refu  
that he s  
leave his  
he could  
the same  
such an e  
as a cen  
He succe  
nothing i  
defeat th  
their ves  
alive. I  
appointed  
rapid rise  
awakened  
after, I k  
off to Eg  
awaiting  
I canna  
manifeste  
thus into  
general b  
The n  
side of hi  
the road  
that I he  
we were  
camels a  
nearly in  
even for  
be made  
moment  
over then  
upon whi  
his High  
Presently  
appeared  
served in  
coffee. "  
taken a f  
heard ten  
confess th  
so overpo  
and add  
something  
interesting  
informed  
and said  
so much a  
conversat  
wishes to  
humour—  
Besides th  
means so  
great men  
he is sure  
me driv  
found it h  
At Xen  
his High  
Temple o



with the moment when I first awakened this country from her sleep of centuries, and commenced for her a period of new existence. It is strange," continued he, "that, of seventeen children, I should be the only one left. Nine of my brothers died in infancy, and this was the cause of my parents bringing me up in an unusually tender manner. I was often laughed at by my comrades, who used to cry,—'If his parents should die, what will become of Mehemet Ali, who has nothing, and is good for nothing?' This made a deep impression on me, and, as a boy of fifteen years of age, I determined to conquer myself. I often fasted for days together, slept as little as possible, and had no rest till I excelled all my comrades in bodily exercises. I recollect once, in stormy weather, rowing for a wager, to reach a little island, which is to this day my property. No one succeeded but myself, and, before I did so, all the skin was torn from my hands; but the pain did not abate my ardour. In this manner I endeavoured to strengthen both mind and body, till, in the little war of our village, I found more serious employment. In my nineteenth year my father died, and a wider field soon opened itself to me. Some great excesses had been committed by Greek pirates in our neighbourhood, and my uncle received, at the instigation of several powerful Turks, orders to take the command of a small vessel of war of the Sultan's, and go in search of them. He could not refuse obedience, but represented to the Pacha that he should be entirely ruined by being obliged to leave his home at this time, as he had no one to whom he could trust the management of his affairs. At the same time he pointed out his own incapacity for such a command, and took occasion to mention me, as an enterprising young man accustomed to war. He succeeded in convincing the Pacha—I desired nothing better, and had the good fortune not only to defeat the pirates, but, after a short pursuit, to board their vessel, and take as prisoners all who remained alive. For this action I was, in my twentieth year appointed a captain in the Turkish service. Such a rapid rise occasioned of course much envy, and even awakened the jealousy of my uncle, who, some time after, I know not with what intention, got me sent off to Egypt. How little did I anticipate the destiny awaiting me there!"

I cannot deny that I felt flattered by the feeling manifested towards me by the Viceroy, in entering thus into the details of his private life, as he is in general by no means so communicative.

The next day he requested I would ride by the side of him, that we might shorten the tediousness of the road by conversation. We soon found, however, that the burning heat and the clouds of dust in which we were enveloped, thrown up by the feet of the camels and horses in our rear, made conversation nearly impossible. At length it became too bad even for the Viceroy, and he commanded a halt to be made under a hedge of thorny mimosa. In a moment carpets were spread on the ground, and over them a covering of scarlet cloth with gold fringe, upon which, with our heads resting on velvet cushions, his Highness and I lay as luxuriously as in our beds. Presently, as if by the power of Aladdin's lamp, there appeared in the wilderness cold punch and sherbet, served in golden cups—to which succeeded pipes and coffee. "Now," cried Mehemet Ali, when he had taken a few sips, "why don't you speak? I have not heard ten words from you to-day." I was obliged to confess that the heat, the dust, and the fatigue had so overpowered me that I felt unfit for conversation, and added, that very often when I fancied I had something to relate to his Highness that might be interesting, I found, to my shame, that he was better informed about it than I was myself. He laughed, and said it was impossible that any one who had seen so much as I had done, should ever want matter for conversation. I mention this to show that if one wishes to keep his Highness in spirits and a talkative humour—"il faut un peu payer de sa personne." Besides this, he is not only very inquisitive, but by no means so easily put off with commonplace as most great men; and if there is a hole in one's argument he is sure to find it out—at least, he has more than once driven me into a corner, from which I have found it hard to escape.

At Xeneh I felt myself compelled to take leave of his Highness. I had just returned from visiting the Temple of Denderah, which I found covered in the

most shameful manner with dirt and rubbish. I could not help telling the Viceroy that his neglect of the ancient monuments, in which his country was the richest in the world, injured his reputation much in Europe; and that he owed it to his own fame to set a good example, in this as well as in other things.—"Your Highness," continued I, "has one of the best opportunities in the Temple of Denderah, which is not covered by the sand of the desert, sometimes hard to remove, but merely with filth and rubbish. There is not a temple in Egypt in better preservation, and a word from you would restore it to almost its former magnificence. "Well, well," said Mehemet, "I will, this once, for your sake, give a proof of my European taste for art," and summoning the Mudhir, he gave the most exact orders to have, not only the three temples of Denderah entirely cleared, but a space round them levelled, and surrounded by a fence, so as to prevent any future injury. I thought I had thus done the lovers of antiquities a little service, on account of which they might pardon me for having passed hastily over monuments often seen, of which they could find the fullest description in other works. When, however, six months afterwards, I returned to the same spot, I had the great mortification to find, that not a single stroke of a spade had been put to the work. There could be no doubt that the orders given in my presence had been a mere farce, and that Mehemet Ali had only meant to humour my European folly, and had never seriously thought of what appeared to him so useless and absurd an undertaking.

We then went on board our vessel—the wind swelled our sails, and the same night we reached Thebes, whose giant wonders, meeting our eyes with the first rays of the morning sun, almost made us fancy ourselves still in a dream.

# PROF. POWELL'S REPLY TO SIR D. BREWSTER. To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Oxford, Oct. 15, 1839.

I observe in your last number, that Sir David Brewster has inserted a letter relative to a communication which I made to the British Association at the Birmingham Meeting. In doing so, I cannot think that the distinguished writer has chosen the most appropriate channel for a correspondence, which, to be conducted with justice to the subject, must turn upon mathematical details not likely, I apprehend, to interest your readers. I am sorry to observe that he has also adopted a tone of controversy which, in my opinion, is neither very consistent with philosophic discussion, nor even exactly such as usually characterizes the correspondence of gentlemen. I am at a loss to imagine what motive could have dictated it, as I have always expressed the high respect which I entertain for Sir D. Brewster and the numerous and valuable discoveries with which he has enriched optical science, even when differing in opinion.

As he mentions that his researches are about to be published in detail, I shall also reserve what I have to say, till the whole question can thus be fairly brought before the scientific world.

Meanwhile you will perhaps allow me briefly to set your readers right as to some mere questions of fact alluded to:—1. My paper did not describe "experiments already made," but new modifications adopted with a special view to the explanation.

2. The course of the rays which Sir D. Brewster considers erroneously traced seems to agree with his own description, as far as I understand it.

3. The experiment with the interference spectrum I have also tried, and my principle will apply equally well to that case as to the former.

4. As to the views of other philosophers, I will only state that Prof. Lloyd, of Dublin, mentioned, in the Physical Section, at Birmingham, that he had at the last meeting suggested an explanation on nearly similar principles.

All further discussion I shall postpone, for the reasons I have given, to a more fitting opportunity, and remain,

Your obedient servant,

BADEN POWELL.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A work of considerable, and in some respects of national importance, has been long in preparation, and one number published, by Sir William Jardine on the *Scottish Salmonide*. The announced intention was a series of plates, illustrating the different species, accompanied by an octavo volume of descriptive letter-press. The very great changes which this group undergo at different ages, has led to strange confusion—to many local and some legislative errors on the subject. Though the work was nominally restricted to Scotland, because the numerous lochs, rivers, and mountain streams of that country offered the greatest facility for extended observation, it would of necessity have included almost all the British

species; but that it might be complete, two supplementary Fasciculi were to have been devoted to those varieties of England and Ireland, which do not occur in Scotland. Now our readers will hear, as we did, with surprise, that notwithstanding the scientific interest which must attach to such a work—notwithstanding the direct pecuniary interest, which many persons must have in the subject, and even its legislative importance, for we have had at least half a dozen different committees of inquiry appointed by Parliament or the Government,—the work is likely to be abandoned, for want of patronage—even though Sir William Jardine has consented to proceed with it if but sixty subscribers could be obtained, sufficient only to secure him against direct pecuniary loss. Surely, with so many noblemen and gentlemen interested in the questions to be resolved by such a work—so many Scientific Institutions, so many Societies professedly devoted to inquiries in Natural History, scattered over the three kingdoms, this announcement will be sufficient to ensure its completion.

We have heard, with more than ordinary feelings of pleasure, that a play by Mr. Leigh Hunt has been accepted at Covent Garden Theatre; and we shall be delighted to hail the accession of this elegant and accomplished writer to the list of dramatic poets. Leigh Hunt's poetical reputation has been eclipsed by his popularity as an essayist; but his fancy having taken a new flight in the direction of the stage, his judgment and experience as a critic of theatrical performances will come in aid of his inventive faculty. We are glad to have the opinion of a friend who has heard the play read, in favour of its success, because we believe that the result is of more than ordinary importance to Mr. Hunt, in a worldly point of view. Every one must sympathize with a man who, towards the close of a long and active career, breaks new ground in a vigorous effort to turn the tide of adverse fortune; especially when, as in this instance, he is one who has suffered, in purse and person, for his political opinions, and who has, moreover, done good service as a reformer of our social system, and scattered flowers on the path of every-day life.

Our notice last week of the discovery by Dr. Jacobi of a method of making copies in relief of copper-plate engravings by means of electro-magnetism, has induced Mr. Spencer, of Liverpool, to forward to us an interesting statement, and several specimens, in proof, that he has not only made a like discovery, but has actually practised it. We shall bring the subject under consideration next week.

We hear by letters from Spain, that excavations are being made by order of the Spanish Government, on the site of the ancient Italica, near Seville. It appears, that, as usual in such cases, the accidental discovery, by a ploughman, of a mosaic pavement, which is supposed to have belonged to a temple of Diana, united to a wish to give employment to several hundreds of Carlist prisoners, have led to the undertaking. Italica was situated on the right bank of the Guadalquivir, at about four miles from Seville; at least, such is the situation according to the Itinerary of Antoninus, and it agrees with numerous inscriptions, found on the spot. Before the Punic war, when the city was destroyed, it was called *Sanctus* or *Sanctis*. It was rebuilt by Scipio Africanus, in imitation of Rome, on seven hills, at the foot of which ran the river Bætis, and he named it Italica. It was the birth-place of three emperors, Adrian, Trajan, and Theodosius, who granted to it new privileges and immunities, and ornamented it with temples and public buildings, and it became one of the most flourishing cities of the Roman peninsula. It was the seat of a bishopric under the Goths, and continued to be the rival of Seville, opposite to which it stood, long after the Saracen invasion. At what time, or by whom, Italica was destroyed, it is not easy to ascertain. Rodrigo Caro, and Morgado, both historians of Seville, attribute its destruction to the Arabs; but it is not likely that these conquerors, who were not the barbarians represented by the pious chroniclers of the middle ages, would have wantonly destroyed a city of which they had held undisturbed possession for several centuries. It is more probable that, owing to some encroachment of the Guadalquivir, which, for want of proper embankments, and owing to the rapidity of its course, is continually shifting its bed, the

city of Italica was gradually, perhaps suddenly, deserted by its inhabitants, who migrated to Seville. This is rendered still more probable by the circumstance, that considerable fragments of buildings, cornices, columns, &c. which would have been removed had the Arabs had any hand in the destruction of the city, have frequently been found imbedded in the sand. So late as the seventeenth century the extensive plain where Italica once stood, was covered with shafts of columns, some of which were of colossal dimensions, and the richest materials; they have since been removed to Seville, where they now ornament the *patios* of the wealthy inhabitants. When Swinburne visited the ruins, he found a solitary column, standing in the midst of the plain, once strewn with the remains of antiquity. But the principal building of Italica was the amphitheatre, which remained almost perfect, so late as the close of the fourteenth century, but which is now a mere mass of ruins. It was built of rubble on brick arches, faced with marble, but this has lately disappeared, and been burnt into lime. The seats were also of the same materials, but when the corporation or municipal authorities of Seville wanted stones to embank the river, they ordered them to be removed, and such parts as resisted the pickaxe were blown up with gunpowder. The excavations, we understand, carried on with great spirit; coins, weapons, vases, urns, household utensils of every description, some beautiful statues, and a fine mosaic pavement, have already been disintered; and there is every reason to hope that discoveries will be made important to the history of the arts.

The French Doctor, Clot, Director of the School of Medicine, at Alexandria, and raised to the dignity of a Bey by the Pacha of Egypt,—who, some years ago, as our readers may remember, brought over to the School of Medicine, in Paris, a number of young Egyptian students, who have, since, become professors in their own country,—has arrived at Lyons, for the purpose of examining the different public establishments of that city. After performing several operations, Clot Bey, in an assembly of the leading physicians and surgeons, explained his opinions on the subject of plague; and gave a detailed narrative of his experiences, during the prevalence of that frightful malady. The bold and devoted conduct of this celebrated Frenchman, on that occasion, will be in the recollection of our readers. "Our battles," said Ibrahim Pacha to him, referring to his exertions, "last but a few hours,—you have fought one of five months." M. Clot described to his auditors the excellent organization of the School of Medicine, established at Cairo—that new instalment of the debt of science paid back by Europe to the East,—and announced his intended publication of two works,—one 'On the Plague,' and the other 'On the Present Condition of Egypt.'—Some other Paris Gossip may be collected from the following letter:—

Paris, 13th October, 1839.

OUR season has just commenced. The Odéon, under whose roof the Italian company is doomed to remain for another year, re-opened, about a fortnight since, with Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, who were welcomed with enthusiasm. The absence of Grisi, it is needless to say, was both noticed and felt. The directors, anxious, as far as in them lay, to compensate for the great privation of "this bright particular star," brought forward the sister of Malibran—Pauline Garcia: she was received with extraordinary enthusiasm; but, as she is known to you Londoners, I need not attempt to be critical. Thus much of the Italian; but the Grand Opera people have not been idle. Mlle. Rieux, a Marseillaise, and a brunette of course, with Phœnic blood in her veins, and southern fire in her eye, has made her *début* at the Rue Lepelletier. Her reception was not very gratifying. Her figure is good, strongly characterized, and *artistique*; but her voice is limited in its range, defective in intonation, and proceeds too much by *saccades*, which grate painfully even on the unmusical ear. The directors of the Opera Comique, resolved not to be behindhand with their rivals, have engaged, it is said, three Italian *célébrités*, whose arrival is shortly expected. The Théâtre Français has declined since the retirement of Mlle. Rachel, who is still suffering from severe indisposition. Several attempts have been recently made to bring out something new and attractive, but without success. It is not that there exists any indis-

position, on the part of the public, to appreciate the true or the beautiful; the present popularity of the writers of the classical school, and the extraordinary success of Mlle. Rachel herself, show that we are fast returning from our literary *égarements*. What we want—alas! what you and almost every other nation want, is true dramatic power and spirit. The writers for the stage are mere manufacturers, not men of genius and observation. The follies and the vices of our age—only the modified form of the vices and the follies of all ages—pass unnoticed and unproved, instead of being lashed and laughed at. Molière, at the same time that he laid bare the successful hypocrisy of his contemporaries, bequeathed to posterity imperishable moral lessons. I cannot quit this subject without stating an explanatory circumstance which I know to be true, that Mlle. Mars, and several other actors and actresses, pay fixed salaries to ——— and one or two other Parisian feuilletonists, for puffing them into notoriety, or keeping up their reputation. The consequence is, that a false public taste is created and encouraged by these venal propagators of false doctrines; and this has been carried so far, that it is a sort of heresy to assert, in any of our literary coteries, that Mlle. Mars, who is verging on her sixty-fifth year, cannot personate, with propriety or satisfaction to the public, a girl of sixteen.

Several remarkable works have recently appeared, or are about to appear here: among the former I may mention a 'History of the Mathematical Sciences,' by Professor Libri, of the Institute, and a 'Collection of the Popular Poems of Brittany and Wales,' by Théodore de la Villemarqué, a young man of considerable talent, whom, as you mentioned, our government sent lately on a literary mission into Wales.

M. Texier, whose departure for the east I announced in a former letter, has got as far as Troy. He writes to say that he has discovered, near Smyrna, a curious monumental figure, which he takes to be that of Cyrus: it has a Persian mitre on its head, with a bow in one hand, and a lance in the other.

Preparations are going forward for another aeronautic experiment, which is to be made in the Champ de Mars, on Sunday next. A M. Garnier has announced his intention of ascending in a balloon so constructed as to be under control by means of internal machinery.—*Nous verrons.*

#### DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

This Establishment will be SHORTLY CLOSED for the Season.—The Pictures now exhibiting represent the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Pictures are by the CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till half-past Four.

#### ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, ADLAIDE STREET, WEST STRAND.

The only Specimens of the Daguerreotype in England, executed by M. Daguerre himself, are to be seen at this Institution. Admission, 1s. extra. The Stereogon, Microscope, Model of the *Arcture*, Polarization of Light, &c.

DAGERRETYPE, free from extra charge, at the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, 399, REGENT-STREET, daily at 3 o'clock, together with the usual interesting attractions. Admission, 1s. each Person.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT. Westminster Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.  
TUES. Zoological Society (*Sci. Bus.*) ..... ½ p. Eight.

#### FINE ARTS

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE taste for the forms of classical architecture in the construction and decoration of our mansions, appears, for the moment, to have entirely subsided; and instead of looking to the cabinets and galleries of a Hope or a Soane, our gentry are casting their eyes back towards Audley End, and Blickling and Layer Marney, and Holland House, for their models. Mr. Nash's 'Mansions of England in the Olden Time' we have already noticed: a work of the same family is Mr. Richardson's *Architectural Remains of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James the First*,—which, if it appear less picturesque to the collector, will possibly be thought more valuable by the architect; for a part of the splendid volume consists, not merely of modern tracings of such noble houses, &c. as are yet remaining in England, but of fac-similes of the working plans of their architect—many of

\* Our correspondent boldly writes down the names of the feuilletonists here referred to. We are quite sure that he would not do so without such evidence as satisfied him of the truth of his assertion; but that evidence is not before us, therefore we hesitate to follow his example.—*Ed.*

the lithographs repeating the original designs of John Thorpe, the builder of Theobalds, Burleigh, Wimbledon, and Buckhurst. On the interest of these it is needless to descant. Other drawings again show us elevations and interiors, and one of the latter, the gilt room in Holland House, is richly coloured:—besides these, the tracings of ceilings, carved work, borderings, &c. &c. are plentifully afforded, though, in some cases, perhaps, on too small a scale. Another work of a like character, is Mr. Haberson's *Half-Timbered Houses of England*, a subject, though comparatively humble, not without its interest. It is a fact, we believe, that hardly a specimen exists, earlier than the reign of Henry VII. of what we should now call the residence of a private gentleman; and this we attribute to their having been principally built of timber—the use of stone, why, we know not, having been confined to castles and ecclesiastical buildings, and bricks were first and only partially introduced or revived in that reign. Mr. Haberson has here given us seventeen views of what he considers the best specimens of these half-timbered houses now to be found in the kingdom, with many interesting details which tend to illustrate the subject. In short, both these works have strong claims on the favour of the professional man as well as of the dilettante.—If the latter choose further to study the subject, he cannot do better than take into council Mr. Shaw, who continues his useful publications in the 12th part of his *Specimens of the Details of Elizabethan Architecture*, and his 13th number of the *Encyclopedia of Ornament*: the latter publication, however, embraces also the Gothic and Moresco styles. One step further will possibly carry the amateur into the consideration of devices, escutcheons, &c., and Mr. Heath's *Shields, Entablatures, &c.*, of which two parts are before us, may then be called for. From the appearance of the plates, however, we imagine that this work is rather a republication than a new one.

A close examination of the new number of *Saracenic and Norman Remains* in Sicily, would lead us into another labyrinth of florid and fantastic architecture—more ancient, and perhaps freer from inconsistencies and corruptions. Yet, though some specimens—such as the Gateways at Maniace, near Bronte, and the Tower of La Mastorana, Palermo,—are sufficiently legitimate, there are others, again,—as the South Door of the Cathedral of Palermo, and the interior of the same building,—which, to pass muster, save as exceptions, would call for an extension of the licence permitted even to Saracenic and Norman fancies. These aberrations, their nature, and their scope, have been already discussed by us, whilst noticing Mr. Knight's 'Normans in Sicily' (*Athen.* No. 550). Before we take leave of architectural works, we have still to notice the third and the fourth parts of Mr. Browne's *History of the Edifice of York Minster*, and a similar publication by Mr. Billings, devoted to Carlisle, that least curious and engaging of our cathedrals, of which the first number promises well—the execution of the plates, sections, &c. being clear and satisfactory.

Mr. Childs lengthens the list of the landscape-painter's studies by a series of *Woodland Sketches*, drawn on stone, but, we are constrained to say, with more freedom than fidelity. For instance, on no conceivable scale of proportion can we admit the enormous size of the horse-chestnut leaves, as portrayed by him; the foliage of the hawthorn, in the next plate, is better indicated by a dotted touch; but the elm, as given here, whether from the air of its clothing, or the anatomy of its limbs, might be easily mistaken for the oak,—while the yew is feathered rather than, as it really appears to be, *thatched* with leaves. In short, with a good deal of effect, these drawings want propriety and character.

Another elementary work, more ambitious in its aim, yet smaller in its compass, than the above, is Mr. Arnald's *Practical Treatise on Landscape Painting in Oil*; in which there are some sufficiently exact directions for the beginner, not only how to apply his colours, but also how to mix them, illustrated by one or two sketches painted in oil. The best of such treatises, however, are of less worth than one single lesson given *vis à vis*, and illustrated on the spot by an intelligent and experienced master of the palette and easel.

The Messrs. Fisher's *Illustrations of Constantinople and its Environs*, the first series of which makes a

N° 62  
handson  
beautifu  
Mr. All  
"City of  
ings are  
by pictu  
trickery  
We mu  
press, by  
ordinary  
has a dis  
and infin  
Sultan fr  
away, th  
room tab  
a curious  
Custome  
artist, th  
clever ef  
ing-room  
From  
claims at  
Steam-Po  
Carmicha  
foregroun  
their littl  
the stout  
wreck, rat  
ed on the  
the furthe  
picture is  
heroic ac  
their prin  
character.  
readers to  
that Grace  
most add,  
tinctly pro  
artistic fee  
or injury  
notice we  
rey, writte  
She le  
The  
Her c  
Her  
Gay, l  
Left  
The p  
We  
As lik  
The v  
She le  
Tha  
The sp  
At nig  
The  
The m  
Ac  
And a  
Lost—  
The w  
The  
How's  
Abo  
Bnt, o  
That  
On lov  
Shal  
Hark!  
As of a  
Benet  
On a  
The de  
And  
Heard,  
In fr  
Like th  
The  
Tell wh  
Are le  
And ho  
That  
As lips  
Send  
The fac  
That  
And lov  
Thro  
The boy  
When I  
Tis mo  
What  
Comes  
Amid  
Hath H  
And y



handsome drawing-room book, is one of the most beautiful and interesting of their many publications. Mr. Allom has caught the picturesque features of the "City of the Sultan," with great success; his drawings are clear and brilliant, animated, but not crowded by picturesque and appropriate figures, and freer from trickery and false effect, than many of their class. We must further add, that the descriptive letter-press, by the Rev. R. Walsh, is superior to the ordinary run of such literature; the book, indeed, has a distinctive character, and now that the strange and infinite variety which once marked the City of the Sultan from all other European cities, is fast passing away, this work, after doing duty on the drawing-room table, may pass to the shelves of the library, as a curious and interesting record. *The Character and Costume of Turkey and Italy*, a work by the same artist, though not wanting in vigorous drawing and clever effects, is less to our taste—it is a mere drawing-room table book.

From the single prints before us, the first which claims attention is the *Wreck of the Forfarshire Steam-Packet*, painted by H. P. Parker and J. W. Carmichael, and engraved by D. Lucas. In the foreground, Grace Darling and her father are toiling in their little cobbles through a sea fearful enough to appal the stoutest hearts; in the middle distance is the wreck, rather too large, we think,—and, dimly shadowed on the rocks, the few miserable survivors,—and in the further distance, the Longstone Lighthouse. This picture is not wholly unworthy to commemorate the heroic action which suggested it, and so much in their praise can rarely be said of works of a like character. It will heighten the interest with our readers to know that the scenery is from nature, and that Grace and her father are from the life; but we must add, that though the features of both are distinctly preserved, Mr. Carmichael has, with right artistic feeling, managed this without obtrusiveness, or injury to the general effect. To complete our notice we shall add a short poem, by Mr. T. K. Hervey, written on the occasion:—

*The Wreck of 'The Forfarshire.'*

She left her port—that gallant ship—  
The mistress of the seas,  
Her canvas gleaming in the sun,  
Her pennant on the breeze:—  
Gay, happy hearts upon her deck  
Left happy hearts behind;  
The prayers that speed the parting guest  
Went with her on the wind,  
As like some strong and spirit thing,  
The vessel touched it with her wing!

She left her port—the gallant bark  
That reached it never more;  
The spirits have not met again,  
That parted on that shore!—  
At night, she lay a riven thing,  
The good ship and the free,—  
The merry souls that sailed her, gone  
Across a darker sea.  
And all her pride of spar and sail  
Lost—like vain hopes—before the gale!

The wind that made, that summer morn,  
The music of her deck,  
Howls like a hungry demon now,  
Above the lonely wreck!—  
But, oh! how many another voice,  
That mingled with the strain,  
On loving hearts, in sigh or song,  
Shall never fall again!—  
Hark!—did the wild wave send a cry,  
As of a soul in agony?

Beneath a sky without a star,  
On a sea without a sail,  
The desperate shout of drowning men,  
And woman's wilder wail,  
Heard, through the pauses of the storm,  
In frequent moan or scream,  
Like the wild nightmare sounds that vex  
The dreamer in a dream,  
Tell where a faint and feeble few  
Are left of all that gallant crew.

And ho! the fond and yearning thoughts  
That mingle with despair,  
As lips that never prayed before,  
Send up the spirit's prayer!  
The faces of the far-away,  
That smile across that sea,  
And low, sweet tones that reach the heart,  
Through all its agony!  
The hopes for others poured like rain,  
When for themselves hope seemeth vain!

'Tis morn!—and to that echoing rock  
What bright and blessed form  
Comes gliding, like a thing of light,  
Amid the wrathful storm?  
Hath He who hushed the waves of old,  
And walked the foam-white lee,

To where the lonely fisher-bark  
Lay tossing on the sea,  
Stretched forth his finger, strong to save  
From that wild tempest's yawning grave?

Hath mercy heaped the human groans  
That rent the midnight air,  
And God his own sweet angel sent,  
In answer to the prayer?  
She cometh!—*thus* an angel's part  
To pass yon dark abyss,  
And God hath spoken to the heart,  
That dared a scene like this!—  
Oh! many a witness, dauntless one!  
Shall, one day, meet thee at His throne!

We have also before us a work of considerable merit, painted and engraved by Mr. John Burnet, *The Duke of Wellington writing his Dispatches*. It is an attempt, too rare, we regret to say, among English artists, to give something of historical interest and importance to portrait painting,—“to create a soul under the ribs of death.” The experiment is a bold one; it was a power not given to many even among the greatest in that age when art triumphed—and art and artists and the universal mind must feel the benumbing influence of these prosaic times. The whole poetry of Mr. Burnet's subject is confined to the accessories—the hero of a hundred fights is the hero of two hundred pictures—indeed, the head, in its general treatment, is so like one by Lawrence, that it seems to have been copied from it. The Duke stands boldly in the foreground, the figure lit up by the watch-fire, writing his dispatches, but looking out of the picture, as if reflecting, while a Spanish muleteer awaits his orders. The general effect of this arrangement is broad and good; while, in the background, a burning convent tells of the late battle and all its miseries. Those who desire a portrait of the Duke may here have it, and something more.—Another print lately published, and not undeserving notice, is Mr. S. W. Reynolds's engraving of the *Army and Navy*, which title Mr. Knight has given to his picture of the one solitary meeting of Wellington and Nelson, which took place by accident in the waiting-room of one of the Secretaries of State, in 1805. The clever artist has, in some degree, failed, we think, inasmuch as the two heroes, though presumed to be in discourse, and Nelson (according to the anecdote upon which the picture is based), curious to know the name of his then less famous companion, stand side by side, coldly and formally looking at the spectator, rather than at each other. Both the likenesses are good, which is sufficient to insure the circulation of a work of this character.—A portrait of the *Duke of Wellington* is also before us, from a painting by J. Simpson, and engraved in mezzotint by B. P. Gibbon. It is a good likeness, though somewhat wanting in expression, and well engraved.—We are sorry we cannot bestow equal praise on *Her Majesty*, engraved by Posseltwhite, after a picture by Dawe, but the artists have laboured with more zeal than success. It is not impossible, however, that the portrait, for the literal truth of the costume, may be admired by the ladies.—With these may be mentioned that of another “celebrity,” in a widely different way,—the clever and intelligent head of Mr. Liston, the surgeon, well engraved, in mezzotint, by Bromley, after Grant.

We must close our present notice by dismissing a few works of miscellaneous character in company. These are, Mr. Yarrell's on the *Growth of the Salmon in Fresh Water*, beautifully illustrated by lithographs, drawn and coloured by Mr. Curtis; Parts X. to XVII. of the *Outlines of Ancient and Modern Sculpture*, published by Mr. Thurston, in the drawing of which, we regret to remark, there has been but little improvement; and a lithographed portrait of *The Rev. David Arnot*, in his canonicals.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.—The opera of ‘*Artaxerxes*’ is, in its humble way, a sort of musical classic, in which English candidates for vocal honours are accustomed to pass their examination. Now, without needless disparagement, we may, perhaps, be permitted to express a wish that this venerable text-book were superseded by some more modern work. Mr. T. Welsh is a staunch supporter of the Dilworth school of opera; and were some future Barry to paint a musical corner of Elysium, Dr. Arne might very properly be introduced making a profound bow to Mr. Welsh, in acknowledgment of the succession of

“*Mandanes*” he has introduced to the public: Miss Austin is the latest—may we add, without hereby, a hope that she may be the last! Arne's melodies flow like milk and honey, but sweets will cloy. Miss Austin is gifted by nature with a voice of fine quality and extensive compass: but her production of tone is attended with too much effort, and the result of a faulty method of instruction is a want of distinctness of articulation that renders her words almost inaudible; a defect not atoned for by her brilliant shake. She was *encored* in that showy, and seemingly difficult vocal exercise, ‘*The Soldier tird*,’ and was otherwise greatly applauded. The young lady has moreover a graceful deportment, and her success was thus far complete. We, however, desire some other test of her vocal science before assigning to her a permanent rank in opera. Vestris resumed her popular character of *Artaxerxes*, and the smoothness and finish of her execution perhaps rendered more evident the imperfect enunciation of the *débütante*. Mr. Borani appeared for the first time on the English stage as *Artabanes*; his powerful bass voice has been well cultivated since we heard him at the Opera House, and his style of singing is pure, expressive, and effective. His execution of the scena ‘*Behold on Lethe's dismal strand*’ was excellent: and in the song ‘*Thy father! away!*’ he was enthusiastically *encored*. His enunciation was remarkably distinct; every word was given with its due emphasis: similar praise must be awarded to Mr. Harrison, who was the *Arbaces*; his voice is a manly tenor, of pure quality, and he sings chastely and with feeling: he was deservedly *encored* in the favourite air ‘*Water parted from the sea*,’ Braham's pretty but misplaced quartet, ‘*Mild as the moonbeams*,’ was properly omitted, and in its stead, by way of finale to the first act, a chorus from ‘*La Clemenza di Tito*’ was introduced appropriately enough, though a fragment of Mozart joined to Arne's antiquated style is like a lock of Apollo's golden hair stuck on to a powdered tie-wig. The efficient state of the orchestra is not to be passed over without a word of praise. The scenery and dresses are entirely new; being taken from Sir Robert Ker Porter's drawings of Persepolitan antiquities. The effect of the semi-barbarous costumes, the ponderous and richly decorated architecture, and the colossal figures of bulls and hippocripts of grotesque sculpture, is strikingly characteristic: we have in this a fresh proof of the taste and spirit of Vestris's management.

Mr. G. Vandenhoff, a son of the veteran actor of that name, for whose *début* the coarse old comedy, ‘*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*,’ was revived here on Monday, made a favourable impression on the audience by his handsome person. He was received in a flattering manner throughout, and called for at the end of the play as usual: his performance, however, developed no extraordinary talent, and required every allowance for his inexperience, and the timidity inseparable from a first essay on the London boards, to excuse its want of force and refinement. Mr. G. Vandenhoff in speech and gesture reminded us occasionally of his father: his voice is loud, but not lastingly powerful, nor susceptible of very delicate inflections; and his utterance, too, is marked by a slight burr: he has a steady, rather than an expressive eye; and his gait and action appeared constrained and studied, wanting spirit as well as elegance. These defects might, however, arise from lack of nerve, and may be removed as the young actor acquires confidence: though, the first fright over, he seemed assured, and on the second night we did not remark any increase of animation in his style. *Leon* is an artificial creation, depending so entirely on the executive skill of the player, and giving so little scope for natural feeling and earnestness, that we will not do Mr. Vandenhoff the injustice to criticise his personation, but reserve our judgment of his powers for another and more fitting occasion. Mrs. Nisbet's *Estifania* was lively and piquante, but deficient in subtlety, and the coquettish arts by which she should lure her victim; her wit, however, might well suffice to ensnare such an evanescent fly, as the *Perez* of C. Mathews. Mrs. Brougham is not competent to represent the haughty, dissolute, and imperious *Margarita*; but Miss E. Tree has not yet joined the company. Bartley looked big, and was boisterously merry as *Cacafogo*, but he did not embody the base, sordid sensualist. F. Matthews, as the *Old Woman*,



was too vigorous and unfeminine (not to mention his coarseness); but Meadows, as the *Daughter*, was irresistibly droll, without over-acting. Such a play as this can only be rendered tolerable by the most finished acting: our existing comedians (with one or two exceptions) are not humourists, capable of giving vital reality to character, but mere *farceurs*, relying on grimace, gesticulation, and other conventional means for eliciting a laugh. The stage seems filled not by human beings, but by a parcel of blown bladders daubed into the grotesque semblance of men, all noise, emptiness, and mobility; and though light, yet lumbering.

DRURY LANE is advertised to open on Saturday next: the plan of his campaign Mr. Hammond, the lessee, has not disclosed; but we are happy to find that of the new stage, which is now laying down, will not be defiled by hoofs during the new management. The beast-mania, we hope, will, in future, be confined to ASTLEY'S, where a Mr. Carter is rivaling Van Amburgh in toying with Tigers, and petting Panthers, and drives a Lion in single harness: the quadruped and biped performers associate most amicably on the stage, the front of which is secured by an iron network in deference to the needless fears of the visitors. The Elephant, who has been ousted from thence by his brethren of the jungle, has found a stable at the Adelphi for a while: he fills the stage, if not the house.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The French in Algiers.*—The conduct of the French in Africa has lately been made the subject of severe animadversion in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The writer is evidently possessed by a strong Anti-gallican spirit, and attributes to wilful misconduct some of the evils unavoidably attendant on the circumstances under which possession of the place was obtained; but his observations are worthy perusal, though they must be received with caution. The possession of Algiers by the French, says the writer, must be regarded less as the establishment of a colony than as a military occupation, where a swarm of adventurers and intriguers obtain a subsistence by providing for the wants of the army, and are only kept in order by the maintenance of severe military discipline. Coffee-houses, wine-houses, and houses of even less equivocal character, flourish amazingly, and there are many speculators who gamble in land as they have formerly done in the funds on the Paris Exchange, and thrive on the credulity of simpliminded new-comers. The French territory, which formerly not only supplied corn enough for the subsistence of the inhabitants, but also a large quantity for exportation, cannot now produce bread enough for fourteen days; and this difference does not depend on any extra consumption by the Europeans, since the favourite dish of the natives, the *cuscussu*, on which they chiefly live, is always made of wheat. The population has rather declined; for though there are 60,000 Europeans in the country, a greater number of natives have abandoned the place. A great part of the ground has been allowed literally to run to waste, and is overgrown with weeds. Some hay is raised, but scarcely worth the cost, as a mower is paid as much as 10 francs. Horticulture is practised by some industrious Spaniards, for which, what is called the *Massif of Algiers*, with its abundant supply of water, is well adapted; but the large importations of vegetables from Spain make the demand so trifling, that there is no doubt those who live by supplying it would earn more as day labourers. From ten to twelve miles round Algiers was formerly laid out in gardens of from one to three acres, on which, usually, there stood a white-washed habitation of a good size. The gardens were surrounded by hedges of lentiscus, aloë, cactus, and all kinds of beautiful shrubs and creeping plants, and rows of lofty olive trees large and strong as oaks. Thousands and thousands of these Moorish country houses were provided with water in abundance for domestic purposes, and for the irrigation of the gardens; and though the oppressive nature of the former government, and the fear of exactions, opposed a serious obstacle to the full improvement and cultivation of the soil, some spots still remain, in distant and secluded situations, to show how beautiful the whole region must once have been; but now the aqueducts are destroyed, the gardens desolate and overgrown with weeds, and

the olive, date, and orange trees cut down for firewood. Formerly the hedge-rows, planted with large trees, made it possible, even in the middle of the day, to ride for miles in the shade, but now there is no protection from the burning rays of the sun, and though orders have been issued to put a stop to this destruction, and even to make fresh plantations, they are likely to remain for a long time a mere dead letter. The Arab, if he failed to perform what was considered the pious duty of planting a tree, yet always regarded one with veneration as a beneficent and sacred thing. He has now learnt of the French to lay a barbarous destroying hand on the productions of nature, to make war on the kindly fruits of the earth, and set on fire the corn-field and the olive, the tree of peace. A tolerably prosperous country has been changed in the course of a few years into a desert, and immense tracts of land, where the Arab could plough and sow, are at the utmost only employed by the French for pasture. A glance at the aspect of the country is more convincing than a thousand fine speeches in the Chamber, or articles in the Paris newspapers. A flourishing agriculture has been absolutely annihilated; many thousands of convenient dwellings, suitable to the country and the climate, have been destroyed, and are poorly compensated by the erection of one or two hundred expensive European houses, totally unfit for the place. The Moorish and Arabian inhabitants are retiring further and further from the French territory, as well on account of their taste for proselytism, as of the enormous rise in the price of provisions since their arrival. If the French had not violently disturbed the natural relations between the price of food and labour, the expenses of the mother country would have been scarcely one-third of their actual amount; and not only corn, but many other articles of agricultural produce, might have been exported. At present the African colony, if it may be called such, does not even provide for its own necessities, except in the single article of meat. The only really useful undertaking has been the plantation of several thousand mulberry trees, as the vineyards laid out in the Provence manner have failed. Many awkward experiments of this kind have been made, without any attention being paid to the nature of the soil and climate. Steep slopes have been cleared, at a great expense, of shrubs and dwarf palms, and planted with vines and fig-trees; but the soil being light, sandy, and easily washed off, the heavy rains have carried all the good mould down to the valleys, and thence into the sea, leaving only the bare ground intersected by watercourses.

*Paper made of Sea Reeds.*—At a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, the President read a report on the specimens of paper and pasteboard manufactured from the Beach grass, and presented by its inventor, Mr. Sanderson, of Dorchester. The plant is the *Arundo arenaria*, Lin. It is placed in the genus *Calamagrostis* by Withering and Decandolle, *Ammophila* by Hort and Hooker, *Psamma* by Palissot de Beauvais, Torrey, Eaton and Beck, *Phalaris* by Nuttall. It is called sea-reed or mat-reed, in England, and is found on all the shores from Iceland to Barbary, and all the Atlantic shores from Greenland as far south as New Jersey, at least. Its principal use heretofore has been a negative one, connected with the very terms of its existence. It effectually secures the shifting sands on which it grows; and for that purpose large sums are annually appropriated by government, that by its cultivation important harbours may be preserved. The paper is smooth, soft, and pleasant to write upon, and takes ink well. It is firm and very strong, and may be whitened readily. The pasteboard appears to be specially valuable.—*Silliman's Journal*.

*Dinotherium.*—Doctor Eichwald has read a memoir before the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, in which he notifies the existence of the *Dinotherium* in the Crimea, which is very rich in the remains of the ancient world. Most of the country of Kertsch belongs to the recent tertiary formation, characterized by the pisiform iron. In the midst of this iron and heaps of shells, the remains of a large mammalia have been found, which are very heavy, and have passed into a siliceous state; they consist of ribs and vertebrae; a skull has also been met with, which, in some points, approaches that of the *Dinotherium*.

Just published, price 1s. 6d. sewed, and other  
**THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.**

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.  
Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

In a few days, in one volume,  
**THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MASSINGER**  
and FORD.

With an Introduction by HARTLEY COLERIDGE.  
Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

In a few days, in 2 volumes,  
**ESSAYS, and FRAGMENTS, in PROSE.**

By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.  
Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY.  
Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

Just published,  
**ROLLINS' ANCIENT HISTORY.** In Six

large Vols. 8vo. with 19 Maps and Plates. New Edition.  
Price 2l. 2s. only, in boards.

Printed for Longman & Co.; Richardsons; Rivingtons;  
Whittaker & Co.; Simpkin & Co.; Hamilton & Co.; Duncan  
& Co.; and other Proprietors.

This day is published, with 5 Engravings, price 2s. 6d. royal 8vo.  
**THE EARTHQUAKE OF JUAN FERNAN.**

As it occurred in the Year 1850; authenticated by the RETIRED GOVERNOR of that Island, to which is added a Relation of several Misstatements that have been published in the Nautical Magazine of 1857, and the public papers.  
London: Longman, Orme, & Co. Manchester: J. & J. Thomson.

Now ready, with Illustrations, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bound.  
**THE WILD SPORTS OF SOUTH AFRICA;**

being a Narrative of an Expedition from the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE to the TROPIC OF CAPRICORN; interspersed with Sporting Adventures during the Chase of the Lion, Wild Buffalo, Ostrich, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Elephant, and Giraffe.

By Captain W. C. HARRIS, E.L.C. Engineers.  
John Murray, Albemarle-street.

On Friday, Nov. 1, will be published, Vol. 118, to be completed in 10 vols. with Vignette, 10s. 6d. each, of  
**DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA:**

Vol. 118, being the Second Volume of Dr. DENHAM'S HISTORY OF DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY. To be completed in 3 vols.

A detailed Catalogue of the Contents of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, announcing all the forthcoming volumes, may be had gratis of all Booksellers in Town and Country.  
London: Longman, Orme, & Co.; and John Taylor.

In 8vo. price 7s. 6d. in cloth boards.  
**PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO LATIN**

PROSE COMPOSITION.  
By THOMAS KEICHEVER ARNOLD, M.A.

Rector of Lyndon, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.  
J. G. F. & J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

This Work, like the 'Practical Introduction to Greek Prose Composition,' by the same Author, is founded on the principles of imitation and frequent repetition. It is at once Syntax, a Vocabulary, and an Exercise Book; and considerable attention has been paid to the subject of Synonymes.

In small 8vo. price 8s. 6d. in boards,  
**THE CHURCH OF ROME in her PRIMITIVE PURITY,**

compared with the CHURCH OF ROME at the PRESENT DAY; being a candid Examination of her Claims to Universal Dominion. Addressed, in the spirit of Christian kindness, to the Roman Hierarchy.

By JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, D.D.  
Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the Diocese of Vermont, U.S.

First London Edition, revised and corrected by the Author: with an Introduction, by the Rev. HENRY MELVILLE, B.D.

Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Just published, in small 8vo. with Frontispiece and Vignette, price 1s. 6d. in cloth boards, is  
**PERRANZABULO, or the LOST CHURCH**

FOUND; or, the Church of England not a new Church, but ancient, apostolical, and independent, and a Protestant Church Nine Hundred Years before the Reformation.

The Volume contains an interesting Account of the History, and recent Recovery of the ancient Church of Perranzabulo, in Cornwall, after being buried in the Sand for Seven Hundred Years.

By the Rev. C. TRELAWNY COLLINS, M.A.  
Rector of Timbury, Somerset, and late Fellow of Balliol College.

J. G. F. & J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

**THE HOLY BIBLE, CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.**

Handsome printed, in 4 large volumes 8vo. price 3l. 6s. in boards. A new Edition, with Marginal References, of

**THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT,** arranged in Historical and Chronological Order, in such Manner that the Books, Chapters, &c. may be read as one connected History, in the very Words of the Authorized Translation.

With copious Notes and References, and a Concordance.

By the Rev. GEORGE TOWNSEND, M.A.  
Prebendary of Durham.

J. G. F. & J. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

The Old and New Testaments may be purchased separately; and the same Work, with short Notes, may be had in one large volume, price 1l. 4s. in boards.

**THE MOST VALUABLE ANNUAL OF THE SEASON.**

Just published, dedicated to Her Majesty, price, large paper, cloth extra, 2l. 12s. 6d.; or in Morocco extra, 3l. 10s.; small paper, cloth extra, 1l. 6d.; or Morocco extra, 1l. 10s.

**THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, in one elegant and small folio, comprising also 'A COMPLETE CONCORDANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,' &c. &c.**

Our edition of the Bible, in the beauty of its typography, and the taste displayed in its decorations, is certainly unique; and I trust that many will be induced to make a book, so precious as its contents, and so graceful in its ornaments, the medium of expressing their regard for those relations and friends to whom they desire to present some token of their esteem.

—*Vide Dr. Haffie's Letter.*

With pictorial illustrations, eminent for their skill and adaptability to the establishment in the public confidence, and a Concordance written on a new and improved principle, it is offered to families at an inconceivably moderate sum. As a substitute for a family Bible, it may prove the means of extensive good to generations yet unborn.

—*Evening Mail.*  
Published for the Proprietor, by Fisher, Son, & Co. London and Paris; and may be procured through all respectable Booksellers in the Kingdom.

Now completed, Volumes I. and II. of

## THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

Edited by R. B. TODD, M.D. F.R.S.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, AND OF GENERAL AND MORBID ANATOMY, IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC. ETC.

This great work consists of a series of Dissertations under the headings of the more important subjects of HUMAN ANATOMY, General, Surgical, and Morbid—of PHYSIOLOGY—of COMPARATIVE ANATOMY—and of ANIMAL CHEMISTRY; and towards the close of the work an article will be introduced, giving a general view of the present state of VEGETABLE ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY. In order to unite the advantages of a Dictionary with the proposed form of the work, a very copious INDEX will be added, containing all the Terms employed in these Sciences.

The Articles are contributed by upwards of sixty distinguished writers, eminent in science; and Illustrations by wood-cut and other engravings, are furnished to a much greater extent than can be found in any other work professing to treat of the same subjects.

"The most remarkable Encyclopedia hitherto possessed by the medical sciences."—*Repertorium für Anatomie und Physiologie*, von G. Valentin. Jahrg. 1837.

"This Cyclopædia has now become almost a national work. It would be disgraceful to the profession in this country, were it not patronized."—*Johnson's Medico-Chirurgical Review*, April, 1838.

"Taken all in all, we believe the work is one that is not likely to be easily rivalled in this or any other country of Europe."—*Medical Gazette*.

The following is a List of the Articles already published, arranged according as they belong to the respective subjects:—

- HUMAN ANATOMY.**  
**GENERAL ANATOMY.**  
 I. HUMAN ANATOMY.—Abdomen. Ankle, region of the. Ankle-joint. Anus. Aorta. Arm. Arm, muscles of the. Axilla. Axillary artery. Azygos. Back. Bladder. Brachial artery. Carotid artery. Cavity. Cranium (Osteology). Cranium, regions and muscles of. Diaphragm. Elbow, region of. Elbow-joint. Extremity (Osteology). Eye. Face (Osteology and Myology). Femoral artery. Fibular artery. Fifth pair of nerves. Foot (bones and joints). Foot (regions and muscles). Fore-arm (regions and muscles). Fourth pair of nerves. Glossopharyngeal nerve. Gluteal region. Hand (bones and joints). Hand (muscles and regions). Hearing, organ of. Heart. Hip-joint. Iliac arteries. Innominate artery. (Thirty-nine Articles.)  
 II. GENERAL ANATOMY.—Adipose Tissue. Artery. Articulation. Bone. Bursa. Mucosa. Cartilage. Cellular Tissue. Erectile Tissue. Fascia. Fibro-cartilage. Fibrous Tissue. Gland. (Thirteen Articles.)  
 III. COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—Acalephæ. Acritia. Amphibia. Animal kingdom. Annelida. Arachnida. Articulata. Aves. Carnivora. Cephalopoda. Cetacea. Cheiroptera. Chyliferous system. Cilia. Cirrhopoda. Conchifera. Crustacea. Digestive Canal. Echinodermata. Edentata. Entozoa. Gasteropoda. Generation, organs of. Insecta. Insectivora. (Twenty-five Articles.)  
 IV. MORBID ANATOMY.—Adhesion. Adipose Tissue (morbidity). Ankle-joint (abnormal conditions of). Artery (morbidity). Bladder (morbidity). Bone (morbidity). Cleistrix. Cirrhosis. Cyst. Elbow-joint (abnormal anatomy). Fibro-cartilage (morbidity). Fibrous Tissue (morbidity). Fetus. Foot (abnormal conditions). Hand (abnormal conditions). Heart (abnormal anatomy). Hermaphroditism. Hernia. Hip-joint (abnormal conditions). Hyperæmia and Anæmia. Hyper-trophy and Atrophy. (Twenty-one Articles.)  
 V. PHYSIOLOGY.—Absorption. Age. Albino. Animal. Asphyxia. Blood. Circulation. Contractility. Death. Digestion. Elasticity. Electricity, animal. Endosmosis. Excretion. Generation. Hearing. Heat, animal. Libération. Instinct. (Nineteen Articles.)  
 VI. ANIMAL CHEMISTRY.—Acids, animal. Adipocere. Albumen. Bile. Blood. Cerumen. Fat. Fibrine. Gelatin. Hematosine. (Ten Articles.)  
 (127 ARTICLES.)

\*\*\* The Third, and concluding Volume, will be published in Monthly Parts, 5s. each; and will be completed as speedily as possible.

Price of Vol. I. 2l. Vol. II. 2l. 10s.

LONDON: SHERWOOD, GILBERT, & PIPER, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

On Monday week will be published, in full gilt binding, elegantly embossed, price 12s.

## FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, And WINTER'S WREATH for 1840;

Being the 17th Volume of this long-established and favourite Annual, which surpasses all its predecessors in the choice selection of its Embellishments, and the beauty of their execution; while its Literary contents, by the first writers of the day, more than sustain that high character of superior excellence for which it has ever been distinguished.

"This most beautiful Christmas Present enjoys the merit of having been the second in existence of all those that now contend with it the realm of celebrity; and it is no exaggeration to say, that both in literary talent and pictorial embellishment, it fully maintains the distinguished rank to which its priority of existence gives it a nominal title."—*Monthly Magazine*.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO. 65, CORNHILL.

Just published,  
**ACKERMANN'S  
 FORGET ME NOT;  
 A CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S, and BIRTHDAY  
 PRESENT.**  
 BY EMINENT LIVING POETS and NOVELISTS,  
 For 1840.

This volume contains eleven engravings, among which is a Portrait of the Queen, by C. and H. Rolis, Hall, Gibson, Bacon, Seven, Adcock, Stocks, and Simmons, from paintings by Leslie, A.E.A., Corbould, Herbert, Miss Adams, Jenkins, Keyser, Nixon, Hall, Herbert, and Farrier, and the usual variety of compositions in prose and verse, by James Montgomery, Delta, The Old Sailor, Douglas Jerrold, Calder Campbell, Dr. Mackenzie, Charles Swain, Miss Brown, Mary Howitt, Miss Lawrence, Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Walker, &c. Elegantly bound in Maroon Morocco, price 12s.

The Royal Lodges, Windsor Great Park, executed by command of Her Majesty, by S. Ziegler. Eight Plates each, with accompanying with Plates, showing the ground plans. Imperial folio, bound in cloth, price 1l. 11s. 6d.; Coloured, 3l. 3s.

T. S. Cooper's New Series of Cattle Groups, containing 26 Subjects, drawn from Nature on Stone, by himself, illustrating the improved method of two Tints, under Mr. Hull-mandell's personal superintendence. Imperial folio, handsomely half-bound. Price 4l. 4s.; Coloured, in Portfolio, 10l. 10s.

Hints on Light and Shadow, Composition, &c. Illustrated by eighty-three Examples, by Samuel Prout, Esq. F.R.S. Imperial 4to, price 3s.

S. Prout, F.S.A. Interiors and Exteriors, 48 plates, half-bound; Imperial 4to, 3l. 3s.

Fielding's Treatise on the Ancient and Modern Practice of Painting in Oil and Water Colours, as applicable for other Landscapes or Portraits, illustrated with numerous Plates. 8vo, price 1l. 7s.

In small 8vo, with a Map and Plates, price 9s. 6d. in extra cloth. **AMERICA, and the AMERICAN CHURCH.**  
 By the Rev. HENRY CASWALL, M.A.,  
 Rector of Christ Church, Madison, Indiana, and late Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Kentucky; 7 years resident in the United States.  
 J. G. F. & J. Livingston, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

**WILBERFORCE'S PRIZE ESSAY.**  
 In 12mo, price 3s. 6d. boards, the Second Edition of  
**THE PAROCHIAL SYSTEM. An Appeal to**  
 English Churchmen.  
 By HENRY WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, M.A.  
 Perpetual Curate of Branscombe, Dorset.

"To this Essay the Prize of Two Hundred Guineas, offered by the *Christian Institute Society*, has been adjudged, by the Rev. J. G. F. & J. Livingston, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY COMPLETE.

On the 28th of October will be published, in one volume, 8vo, bound in cloth, price 21s.; half-bound morocco, 1l. 4s. 6d.; or whole-bound morocco, gilt, 1l. 6s. 6d.

**THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF  
 NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, BY CHARLES DICKENS.**  
 With Illustrations by "PHIZ" and a Portrait of the Author by  
 D. MACLISE, A.R.A.  
 Chapman & Hall, 158, Strand.

TO THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

**J. DELCROIX & CO., 158, New Bond-street,**  
 beg leave most respectfully to solicit the attention of the Nobility and Gentry to their extensive, long, and highly celebrated establishment, and to inform them that the only genuine, exquisitely fragrant, and delicate PERFUMES, are those which are Manufactured by themselves, and which bear the Address of 158, New Bond-street, with the Signature of J. Delcroix. The high and varied celebrity of J. Delcroix's Perfumes has produced many spurious imitations, for the selling of which J. Delcroix & Co. have obtained Injunctions from the High Court of Chancery against several parties; and they beg to apprise their connexion that they will persist in their determination to proceed against all persons that may attempt any invasion of their rights.

**RESTORATIVE FOR THE HAIR.—To the**

Editor of the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*, Sir,—Being a daily reader of your useful journal, I am anxious to make known through its columns the value of a preparation called "Oldridge's Balm of Columbia," for the purpose of restoring, strengthening, and preventing the loss of hair. It was first recommended to a member of my family—who, at the time, was rapidly losing her hair—by a lady of title, residing in Clarges-street, Piccadilly (whose name I have no authority for publishing; and by the use of this preparation, the hair had ceased, even within a day or two, to fall off in the way it had done, and that had already deprived the head of more than half "its hair proportion;" but before the package—or but a few shillings cost—was consumed, the remaining hair became perfectly firm and strong, and an abundant "crop" made its appearance in place of what had been lost before. As the knowledge of the fact may be of the same benefit to others similarly circumstanced, I am induced thus to trouble you, and as I pledge you my word that I have no knowledge whatever of the proprietary of the production, nor object in the matter other than that of a desire to render the information available "to all whom it may concern," I trust to your usual liberality to give it publicity—I am Sir, yours, &c.

W. H. MARSHALL.  
 Lloyd-square, Pentonville, London, Jan. 14, 1839.  
 C. A. OLDIDGE'S BALM prevents the hair turning grey, produces a beautiful curl, frees it from scurf, and stops it from falling off, and a few Bottles generally restore it again. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per Bottle. No other prices are genuine. Some complaints have reached the Proprietors of a spurious Balm having been vendued. They again caution the public to be on their guard against the base impostors, by expressly asking for Oldridge's Balm of Columbia, 1, Wellington-street, Strand.

**DRAWING PAPER.—THOMAS CRESWICK,**  
 Paper-maker, Card-maker, and Wholesale Stationer, No. 4, Chandos-street, West Strand, having now completed his Manufactory, offers to the Public his Smooth-rolled Drawing Paper, presenting the same good qualities which his Rough and Half Rough paper has been so well known to possess for thirty years past, and which has been favoured during the whole of that period with the most marked approval, notwithstanding the attempts of his opponents to disparage its good qualities and substitute other spurious papers for it. The Smooth-rolled Drawing Paper is stamped on each sheet with T. C.'s name on the side it should be worked upon, as well as having his name in the water-mark. These precautions are noticed to prevent imposition. London Drawing Boards, white and tinted, made from his own improved paper—Crayon Papers and Boards—second Drawing Papers, for Students, Architects, &c.—Tracing Papers, without oil or varnish, equal to French—Tissue Papers for Plans, made to any size, larger than have yet been offered.

**ENVELOPES, WARRANTED THE BEST**  
 THAT CAN BE MADE, 1s. 6d. per hundred, or 15s. per 1000; Envelopes black bordered, for mourning, 5s. per hundred—An extensive and elegant assortment of Envelope Cases, filled with Envelopes, from 8s. 6d.—Printed Invitation and Return-thanks Notes, with gilt edges, 1s. 3d. per quire—Name-plate elegant engravings, and lot of superfine cards printed, for 5s.—Writing Papers of every description at wholesale prices—Superfine Bath Post, 9s. 6d. per ream, or 6d. per quire, not Outsides—Note do. do. per ream, or 6d. per quire—An elegant assortment of Dressing Cases, from 8s. 6d. (Gilt-edged in razor-draw, comb, and shaving-brush), to 50 guineas—Hair and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Bottles—Travelling Writing Cases, Dispatch Boxes, Wellington Cases in Russia and other leather, from 12s. 6d.—Blanking books, at 1s. 6d.; ditto, with locks, 4s. 6d.—The most choice Selection of Bibles and Prayer Books in London. The whole of the above articles 20 per cent. under any house in London.—To be had at STOCKEN'S, 53, Quadrant, Regent-street, two doors from Swan & Edgar's. Observe the Name and Number.

**CARPET, CABINET, and UPHOLSTERY**  
 WAREHOUSE, 203, 204, and 205, High Holborn. Families about to furnish are solicited to inspect the above Ware-rooms, which are replete with elegant goods of a superior description, at exceeding low prices. The following are especially deserving notice:—BRUSSELS CARPETS. The largest and most splendid collection of new patterns in the metropolis, combining durability of fabric and novelty in design, with economy in price.—CABINET FURNITURE, BRITISH and PARISIAN. This department, from its extensive stock and superior arrangements, affords facilities for a rapid selection of furniture equal to any house in town.—BEDDING. Particular care is given to ensure every article well seasoned, and free from taint.—UPHOLSTERY. The stock of chaste new pattern chintzes, tourneys, worsted, silk, and worsted damasks, taborettes, mores, &c. is exceedingly large and well assorted, great attention having been paid to the selection of warranted cloths and exquisite designs.  
 LYON, HOTSON, & COMPANY, 203, 204, and 205, High Holborn.

**THE APERITIVE FOUNTAIN** prevents confinement of the Bowels (which, it is said, brings half the population of England to a premature grave) by means of a little plain water, without the disagreeable and injurious aid of opium. It is far superior to all other purgatives, as it may be taken at any time, and it needs no fixing; admits no air; and, moreover, affords the desirable convenience of being, with its contents, conveyable in the pocket or in a lady's reticule, to any appropriate place.  
**VOICE CONDUCTORS**, designed by Dr. SCOTT upon a progressive scale of power, calculated for any case, from the slightest defect in hearing up to the most intense deafness. The highest power conductor, or SONIFERON, enables the deafest individuals to participate in the pleasures of conversation. The lowest power, or self-supporting CORNET, exempts the wearer from the trouble of holding trumpets to his ear; it may even be worn under hats and bonnets. These, with the intermediate Conductors, are adapted to every shade of deafness. Persons in the country can receive suitable Conductors by addressing particulars to W. PIERCE, Superintendent at Dr. SCOTT'S Repository, 300, Strand (three doors from Exeter Hall), London.

13, Great Marlborough Street, Oct. 19, 1839.

**MR. COLBURN has nearly ready for Publication the following NEW WORKS:**

**I. THE FLYING DUTCHMAN: a Naval Story.**  
By the Author of 'Cavendish,' 'Gentleman Jack,' &c.  
3 vols. post 8vo.

**II. MEMOIRS of the DUCHESS of ST. ALBANS.**  
By MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON. 2 vols. post 8vo.

**III. SPORTING EXCURSIONS in the ROCKY MOUNTAINS, with a VISIT to the SANDWICH ISLANDS.**  
By J. K. TOWNSHEND, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. Plates.

**IV. VIOLA, THE AFFIANCED;**  
Or, 'TIS AN OLD TALE AND OFTEN TOLD.  
Second Edition, 1 vol. post 8vo.

**V. DIARY of a NUN.**  
2 vols. post 8vo.

**VI. PREFERENCE: A NOVEL.**  
By MRS. GORE, Authoress of 'Mrs. Arnytage,' 'Stokes-hill Place,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo.

**VII. THE MARINE OFFICER:**  
Or, SKETCHES of SERVICE. By Sir ROBT. STEELE, Knt.  
2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, &c.

**VIII. THE ROMANCE of PRIVATE LIFE.**  
By MISS BURNBY. 3 vols. post 8vo. (Now ready.)

**IX. MADAME DE SEVIGNÉ—HER LIFE, TIMES, and SELECT CORRESPONDENCE.**  
By MRS. GORE. 2 vols. with Portraits.

*Also, just published,*

## MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GRATTAN.

By his Son, HENRY GRATTAN, ESQ., M.P.  
In 2 vols. 8vo., with a fine Portrait.

The early political life of Henry Grattan is necessarily a History of Ireland, as he existed as an independent nation. The battle of independence which he fought for his native country, required him to embrace every great and difficult question of domestic policy—fiscal, mercantile, and constitutional; and in following his career, we follow that of his times and contemporaries.—A life of this eminent statesman and orator, from authentic sources, has long been felt to be a desideratum in politics and history. This want has been most appropriately supplied by his son, Mr. Henry Grattan, M.P. These volumes tend to preserve the record of a great transaction—the Irish Revolution of 1782.

Besides preliminary letters from Dean Swift, Lord Chesterfield, and Chief Justice Marlay, a mass of highly-interesting correspondence is given in these volumes, written by, and addressed to, the following illustrious and celebrated characters:

Richard Marlay	Lord Buckingham	Edmund Perry	Right Hon. John Forster	Lord Shelburne	Duke of Portland	Sir Lucius O'Brien
W. Broome	Lord Weymouth	Lord Tyrone	Lord Hillsborough	Charles Sheridan	Richard Fitzpatrick	Thomas Waite
Robert Day	Lord North	Commissioner Beresford	Sir Stanier Porten	R. Brinsley Sheridan	Edmund Burke	&c. &c.
G. Parker Bushe	Sir Richard Heron	Lord Clanricarde	Lord Charlemont	Charles Fox	Provost Hutchinson	
Henry Mosop	John Robinson	Lord Temple	William Eden	Lord Rockingham	Sir Jonah Harrington	

Among the more interesting portions of these volumes, are the letters from Lord Buckingham (the Lord Lieutenant) to Lord North, &c. giving an account of the means resorted to by government, for the purchase of the Irish parliament, disclosing a system of lavish profusion of the public money and of political profligacy, perhaps unparalleled in the pages of history. The early part of Mr. Grattan's life is given with much minuteness and copiousness; and his letters to Broome and Day, while he was a student in the Temple, are peculiarly interesting, as developing the mental progress of his patriotism and virtue.

In the Appendices, the Author has collected a great variety of useful and entertaining matter, relative to the state of parties at that period; and altogether, these volumes will be found a most valuable addition to the libraries of all who interest themselves in the history of the British Empire.

*Now in course of publication, in occasional volumes, price only 6s. each, bound.*  
Printed uniformly by Byron and Scott, and beautifully embellished with the Portraits of the Authors, and other Engravings, by the Findens and other eminent Artists,

## COLBURN'S STANDARD NOVELISTS:

A SELECT COLLECTION OF

### THE BEST WORKS OF FICTION

Of the MOST DISTINGUISHED ENGLISH WRITERS, which cannot be procured in any other COLLECTION. The New Volume comprises

#### Mr. SMITH'S 'ZILLAH: a TALE of the HOLY LAND,'

Embellished with Two Engravings after Cawse.

Works which have already appeared in the above Collection—

SIR E. L. BULWER'S PELHAM.  
SIR E. L. BULWER'S DISOWNED.  
SIR E. L. BULWER'S DEVEREUX.  
MR. WARD'S TREMARE.

MR. SMITH'S BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.  
MR. LISTER'S GRANBY.  
LADY MORGAN'S O'DONNELL.  
LADY MORGAN'S FLORENCE MACARTHY.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S FRANK MILDMAY.  
MR. HOOK'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS—First, Second, and Third Series.  
MR. JAMES'S RICHELIEU.

"Colburn's Modern Novelists" present a series of those works of fiction that have most tended, with the writings of Sir Walter Scott, to elevate this description of literature. This publication presents a concentration of imaginative genius.—*Globe.*

\* \* \* Due notice will be given of the future appearance of each new volume of this Work.

### A TEN YEARS' VOYAGE.

Second Edition, in 2 large vols. 8vo. with an Appendix (comprising as much as six ordinary volumes), and illustrated with Sixty Plates, by Landseer, and other eminent Artists; and Maps, by Arrowsmith, price 2l. 18s. bound.

## NARRATIVE OF THE TEN YEARS' VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD.

Of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle,

Under the Command of CAPTAINS KING and FITZROY; with an APPENDIX by MAJOR SABINE.

Taking into view the great objects of these Expeditions—the vast extent of the route—the variety of the but rarely visited, and, in many instances, hitherto perfectly unknown portions of the globe, which have been carefully examined and surveyed—the quantity of novel and interesting matter collected and arranged—and, above all, the competency, perseverance, and invariable success of the several gentlemen to whom the mission was intrusted,—these volumes must undoubtedly be pronounced the most important and invaluable addition to Geographical, Physiological, and Nautical Science, that has been made for a length of time by any nation. To follow the Expeditions in all their ten years' wanderings and researches in the order they occurred, would be impossible in a short prospectus; but a general idea may be gathered from the following outline:—

Western Isles	Pernambuco	Buenos Ayres	Chonos Archipelago	Linna	New Zealand	Mauritius
Madeira	Belin	Patagonia	Island of Chiloe	Copapo	Sydney	Cape of Good Hope
Canary Islands	Rio Janeiro	Straits of Magellan	Juan Fernandez	Valdivia	Hobart Town	St. Helena
Cape Verd Islands	Maldonado	Tierra del Fuego	Santiago	Concepcion	King George's Sound	Ascension
St. Paul's Rock	Monte Video	Falkland Islands	Valparaiso	Callao	Keeling Islands	&c. &c.

Among the more interesting portions of miscellaneous matter, are the account of the Fuegian Aborigines brought over to England by Capt. Fitzroy for their education, with their reception by their own people on their return, and the final result of Capt. Fitzroy's humane project in attempting to introduce civilization among that people; and his visit to Otahite, and a long conference with Queen Pomare; and also—

Remarks on Early Migrations of the Human Race.

Remarks with Reference to the Deluge.

To nautical men these volumes more particularly afford incalculable utility. The question as to the most advantageous passage, whether from the Atlantic to the Pacific, round Cape Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan, is finally disposed of, and every possible difficulty in both cases pointed out, with minute instructions to avoid all dangers. There are also tabular instructions of Latitude and Longitude, variation of the compass, and of tides, and every other useful information, with maps, charts, &c. Among these may be mentioned—

Nautical Remarks on the Passages round Cape Horn and through the Straits of Magellan.  
Tables of Latitude and Longitude, Variation of the Compass, Tide, and Height.  
Magnetic Observations.—Meteorological Journal.—Table of Positions, &c.  
Remarks on Chronometrical Observations, and a chain of Meridian Distances.

The work is beautifully illustrated with Engravings and Etchings on Steel, by Landseer and other eminent Artists, from Drawings by Mr. Martens and Mr. Earle; and with Charts and Plans by Mr. Gardener and Messrs. Walker; and an entirely new Map of South America by Mr. J. Arrowsmith, in which the position of places may be ascertained to within less than two miles.

**HENRY COLBURN, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street.**

To be had of all Booksellers throughout the Kingdom.

London: JAMES HOLMES, 4, Took's Court, Chancery Lane. Published every Saturday, at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, by JOHN FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh; and D. Campbell, Glasgow;—for IRELAND, J. Cumming, Dublin.